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OF LITERATURE

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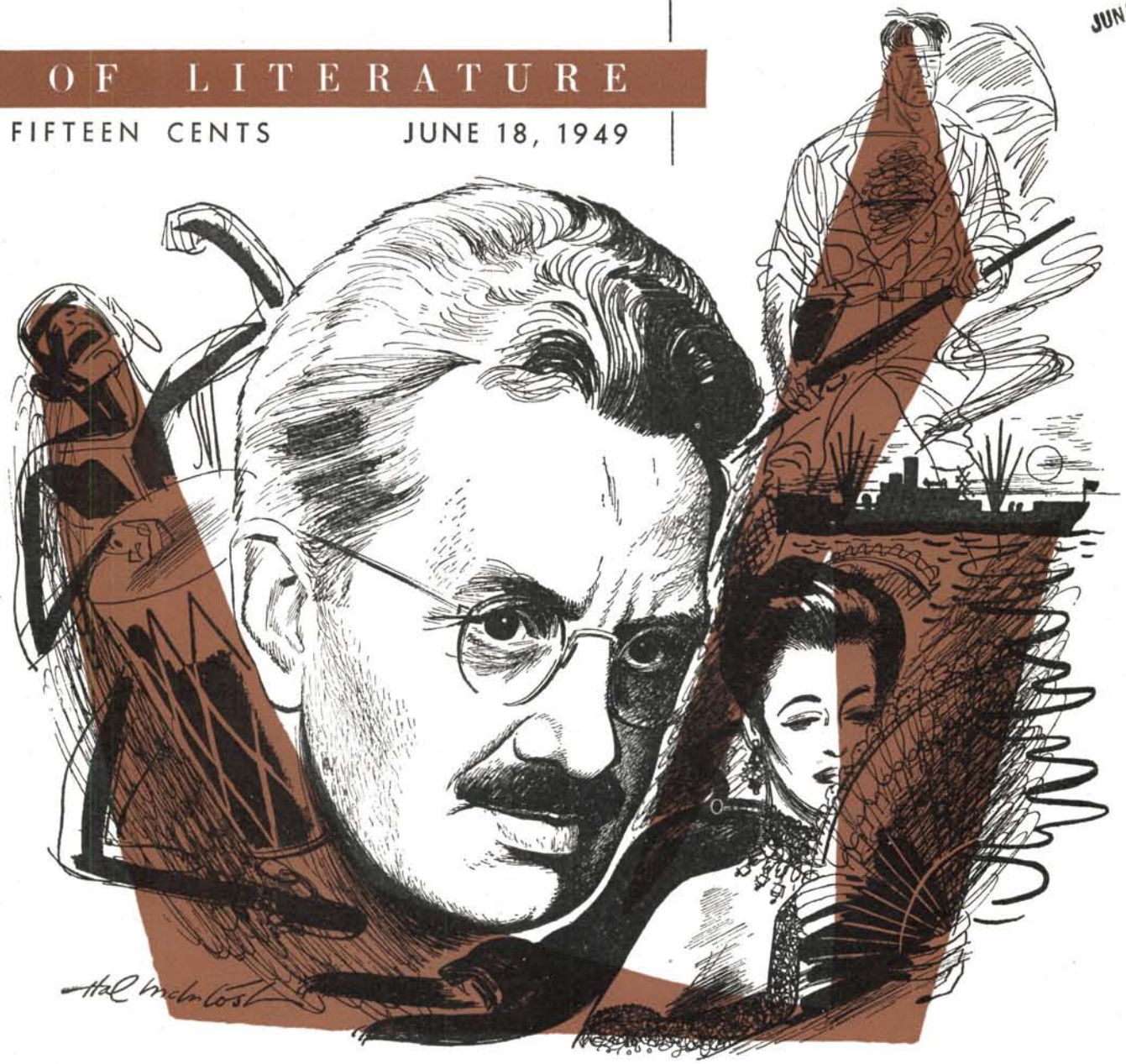

Clyde Brion Davis, author of "Playtime Is Over." (See page 9)

Poetry's New Priesthood

By ROBERT HILLYER

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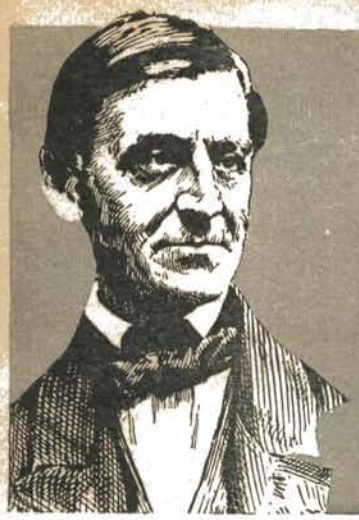

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This Week

June 18, 1949

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Features

PAGE

POETRY'S NEW PRIESTHOOD
By Robert Hillyer.....7

WHAT TO READ THIS SUMMER.....18

Reviews

PLAYTIME IS OVER
Reviewed by Harrison Smith..... 9

THE LAST MIRACLE
Reviewed by Claude Hill.....10

QUARTET
Reviewed by Russell Rhodes.....11

PEACE OR PESTILENCE
Reviewed by Waldemar Kaempffert...12

MUST WE HIDE?
Reviewed by David Bradley.....13

THE PHILOSOPHY OF PEACE
Reviewed by August Heckscher.....14

MILESTONES OF AMERICAN PAINTING
MAX WEBER
Reviewed by Jerome Mellquist.....15

SKETCH FOR A SELF-PORTRAIT
Reviewed by Francis Henry Taylor..16

HISTORY OF WORLD ART
Reviewed by John Fabian Kienitz....16

PAINTING AND SCULPTURE IN THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART
Reviewed by Perry Rathbone.....17

WESTERN UNION
Reviewed by Stringfellow Barr.....23

IDEOLOGICAL DIFFERENCES AND WORLD ORDER
Reviewed by August Heckscher.....24

FOUNDATIONS FOR WORLD ORDER
Reviewed by Joseph P. Lash.....24

THE VOICE OF THE COYOTE
Reviewed by Stanley Vestal.....26

ARCTIC MOOD
Reviewed by Richard L. Neuberger...27

VINES IN THE SUN
Reviewed by Robert G. Cleland.....28

PILCHUCK
Reviewed by Richard L. Neuberger...28

I'LL BE RIGHT HOME, MA
Reviewed by Robert Mende.....31

Departments

TRADE WINDS
By Bennett Cerf..... 4

EDITORIAL 20

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.....21

LITERARY CRYPT.....26

LITERARY I.Q.....27

BOOKED FOR TRAVEL
By Horace Sutton.....36

THE NEW RECORDINGS
By Edward Tatnall Canby.....39

THE PHOENIX NEST
By William Rose Benét.....40

DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 795.....43

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"The Voice with a Smile"

"Hail ye small, sweet courtesies of life, for smooth do ye make the road of it."

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TRADE Winds

WHENEVER I'M HEADED for northern New England, I always plan a stopover in Boston for the privilege of gazing upon two of the most decorous and high-powered females in the publishing business: Dorothy Hillyer, canny editor for Houghton Mifflin, and Anne Ford, graduated from the Theatre Guild to head Little, Brown's publicity department. . . . The 1949 Hillyer is a svelte, blonde, streamlined production—Cream Hillyer, I suppose Lewis Gannett would call her—and in ticking off the fall headliners of the H. M. list for me, she waxed positively ecstatic. Even the policeman on her beat on Beacon Hill treats her with new reverence since he saw her sashaying down Pinckney Street on the arm of Winston Churchill. . . . Anne Ford is optimistic, too, about Little, Brown prospects for the rest of the year, but she tells me the staff still cannot get used to the idea that the deeply loved and respected Alfred McIntyre is gone for good. His picture occupies the place of honor on her wall—next to three other idols: Helen Hayes, Charlie Gehringer, and Joe Cronin.

Anne is a worse baseball fanatic than Naomi Burton. "Wasn't it disloyal for a Boston house to publish the biography of the Cleveland arch-enemy, Lou Boudreau?" I asked. "Not really," explained Anne. "Lou is such a gentleman, he could almost come from Boston. Besides, the Red Sox will pin his Indians' ears back when the season settles down. Class will tell!" . . . The Sox, woefully shy on pitching strength this spring, Anne told me, brought up a young left-hander who had a world of stuff, but less control than is generally expected even from southpaws. "Just how wild is he?" somebody asked Manager Joe McCarthy. "How wild?" echoed McCarthy. "The other evening I sent him to the mound to pitch batting practice at Fenway Park, and he hit a man who was watching on television in a bar on Scollay Square!" . . .

THE BIG THREE of Boston's book reviewers—Alice Dixon Bond, Olga Owens, and Ed Laycock—all were out of their offices (probably at the ball game, too) and Ted Weeks, the gadabout, was off somewhere lecturing, but I found Charlie Morton smoking his pipe contentedly and rounding out his September and October Atlantic bulletins so that he might depart for a California holiday with a clear conscience. . . . *The Atlantic Monthly* has hit a new high—175,000. . . . Charlie told me of the desperate plight of a novelist he knows whose wife has been driving him batty for over ten years. "Why don't you give her the air?" asked Charlie. "I can't," mourned the novelist. "She's the only typist I know who can read my damn handwriting." . . .

IN WORCESTER, I SPOKE at the Sheraton Hotel. Twenty-six years ago, when I went there on a book-selling trip with Dick Simon, it was called the Bancroft. I phoned Dick the other evening to reminisce with him a bit. "Remember the beautiful phone operator we met in the back of the Bancroft lobby that time?" I asked. "I do not," Romantic Richard answered firmly, "but I do remember that the streetcars kept me awake all night, and we couldn't turn off the radiator." . . .

FIFTEEN MILES FROM BOSTON, on a beautifully landscaped 100-acre campus above Waltham, Brandeis University is completing its first full year. I found the faculty, the trustees, and the 107 freshmen who constitute its student body to date bursting with pride and enthusiasm, as well they might, for this is a dream come true. The establishment of the first non-sectarian university in America sponsored by Jews comes, appropriately enough, at the very time Israel has taken its place among the free nations of the world. "Put it this way," said George Alpert, president of the Board of Trustees. "For years, 600 major educational institutions sponsored by Protestants, and 200 by Catholics, have invited Jews to become part of their student bodies. Now at least one university created by Jews will invite Protestants and Catholics. We hope it's just a beginning."

The sponsors of Brandeis are bristling with new ideas and plans. They envisage an undergraduate student body of 1,000, with graduate and professional schools to follow. Free scholarships will take care of 25 per cent of the students. Scholastic requirements will be very stiff. The ratio of students to faculty will be small. Professors already in attendance are paid relatively princely salaries; this is one university, at least, where the faculty can concentrate on teaching, and not have to worry about nagging financial problems. (The teachers of our country, as a rule, are damnably underpaid. It's tough to enthuse about a fourth

"I've double-checked and it still says you'll be playing third base for the Dodgers in '51."

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dimension when you're worrying about a fourth instalment!) As a result, the Brandeis staff already includes such men as Ludwig Lewisohn, Milton Hindus, and Max Lerner, with other notables on the way. Abram Sachar, dynamic president of Brandeis, is the author of "A History of the Jews," one of the pillars of the Knopf backlist, and now in its fourteenth printing. The home that the university's benefactors have furnished for him is a cross between the office of Louis B. Mayer and the Palace at Versailles. . . .

LUDWIG LEWISOHN WAS IN the middle of telling me how he had finished his scholarly two-volume "Goethe: the Story of a Man" (Farrar, Straus) on Goethe's 199th birthday, when his wife, Louise, uttered a shrill cry of alarm. Cupcake, the Lewisohns' outrageously spoiled cat, just had knocked over a priceless Ming vase and escaped through the casement window. Ludwig was in hot pursuit before you could say Mister Crump. Around the campus at an ever madder pace sped Cupcake and her pursuer. Suddenly the playful feline shinnied up a Massachusetts variety of Giant Redwood tree. Ludwig went up after her—and captured her, too—on the highest branch, while students, faculty, and Cerf cheered a brilliant maneuver, faultlessly executed. Of course, there remained the minor formality of getting Ludwig and Cupcake down from the tree. The student body was equal to the emergency, producing the tallest ladder I ever saw to facilitate the descent. "You handled that well," I told the boys. "We ought to by this time," answered one. "After all, this is the third time we've done it since Saturday."

"With your propensity for exaggeration," said Dr. Lewisohn as he bathed deep gashes in his arm and threw his ruined new Abercrombie & Fitch sport jacket into the incinerator, "I suppose this innocent little chase will turn into a wild elephant hunt in the jungle." When he reads this, he will see how unjust were his suspicions. . . .

GEORGE ALPERT, BESIDES heading Brandeis's board of trustees, is a member of a local string quartet that plays strictly for its own amusement. "I won't say we're the worst string quartet in the area," declared Alpert, "but if there is a worse one, I just haven't heard it." Alpert has a recording machine in his home, and one night perpetrated a foul trick on his confreres. Secretly he recorded a superb rendition of a Schubert composition by Arthur Schnabel and the Pro Arte Quartet, then told his friends he was going to record *their*

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interpretation of the same piece. All of them suffered a violent attack of stage-fright and played worse than usual. The piece finished, they waited for the play-back in feverish anticipation. Alpert put on the Schnabel recording.

It began with an intricate piano run. The local pianist listened appreciatively, and murmured, "Say, I sound as good as Schnabel." The cellist and first violinist were not so easily satisfied. The cellist grumbled, "I told you I was sitting too far back." The first violinist wailed, "I'm flat! You should have let me tune up longer." When Alpert told them they had been listening to Schnabel and one of the great string quartets of our day, he was almost run out of town on a rail. . . .

WHEN WINSTON CHURCHILL visited Boston recently, he met a couple of prominent Jewish trustees of Brandeis at dinner, and delighted them with a characteristic sally. "Remember," he said, "that I was for a free and independent Israel all through the dark years when many of my most distinguished countrymen took a very different view of the situation. Do not think, gentlemen, that I have the slightest idea of deserting you in your hour of glory!" . . . Chaim Weizmann was another visitor to our shores, but hesitated to fly across the Atlantic. "When you fly," he explained, "you are a little too much in God's hands!" Weizmann also said, "The only realists in Israel today turned out to be the ones who believed in miracles!" . . . He told of a day Israel's Prime Minister, Dr. Ben-Gurion, attended an international function, and wore striped pants and a cutaway for the occasion. Then he rushed over for a meeting with his ministers. All of them were wearing slacks and shirts open at the neck, and he noticed that they looked askance at his formal attire. "You must forgive me," he said softly, "for coming here in my working clothes!" . . .

One more story about Israel that Quent Reynolds brought back with the manuscript of "Leave It to the People." In London a bobby is assigned to guard the portals of every foreign embassy. The Israeli staff was mortified to learn that every embassy but theirs made a practice of offering a cup of tea to their particular bobby each afternoon. The prettiest secretary ran out to make her apologies to the guardian outside the gate. "You will have to be patient while we learn the ropes," she said "Remember that this is the first embassy we have had in 2,000 years!"

—BENNETT CERF.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Poetry's New Priesthood

ROBERT HILLYER

—*Pach Bros.*
Robert Hillyer

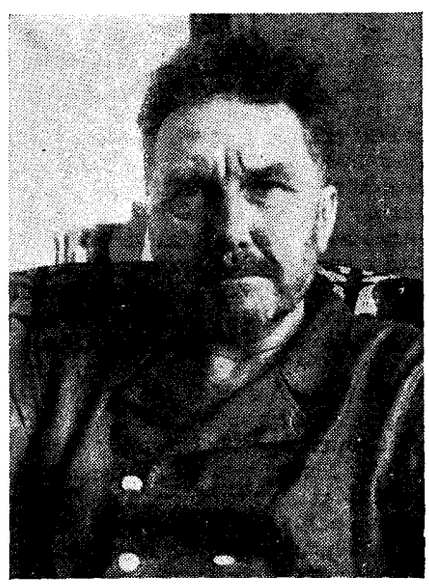
IN MY first article [*SRL* June 11] I gave some data about the background of the Bollingen-Library of Congress Award to Ezra Pound, under indictment for treason. I presented my reasons for believing that a key figure in the selection of Pound for the award was T. S. Eliot, an expatriate. In this second article I should like to consider what elements in modern American poetry and criticism are sufficiently stagnant to serve as a breeding place for influences so unwholesome. The statement of the Bollingen jury itself implies (which is the most definite word one can use in regard to such indefinite language) that a work of art should be judged entirely apart from its author, and, what is more important, from the content of the work itself. In other words, nothing matters but the mode of expression. On these grounds the Bollingen jury gave the award to Pound.

So far I have failed to meet the Bollingen jury on their own grounds, because those grounds seem to me to be indefensible. They would limit all discussion to esthetic values merely. For the next few paragraphs I shall seek to oblige them, although the apologia for their action runs counter to the whole record of literary experience and is patently disingenuous. Here it is as contained in the public announcement of the award:

> The Fellows are aware that objections may be made to awarding a prize to a man situated as is Mr. Pound. In their view, however, the possibility of such objection did not alter the responsibility assumed by the jury of selection. This was to make a choice for the award among the eligible books, provided any one merited such recognition, according to the stated terms of the Bollingen Prize. To permit other considerations than that of poetic achievement would destroy the significance of the award and would in principle deny the validity of that objective perception of value on which any civilized society must rest.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In presenting the second of Robert Hillyer's articles on the award of the Library of Congress-Bollingen Prize for poetry to Ezra Pound, the editors of* The Saturday Review *wish to reaffirm their belief in the general principle that political considerations should not interfere with the evaluation of art. We attempted to make the point in our editorial last week, however, that this principle did not obtain in the case of the award to Ezra Pound for his "The Pisan Cantos," both because of the political coloration of the book itself and because it seemed to us that the award was being utilized to take the curse off Pound's political activities against the United States during the war. But even if all political aspects, pro and con, are brushed aside, the fact remains that "The Pisan Cantos," for the most part, seem to us to be less poetry than a series of word games and hidden allusions which, however they may delight certain of Pound's followers, are hardly deserving of an award bearing the name of the United States Library of Congress. The final article in this series, "Culture, Democracy, and T. S. Eliot," by George Catlin, appears next week.*

It is difficult to deal with such meretricious verbiage, nor have I the space to copy for the curious reader any passages from "The Pisan Cantos." I say with full confidence that no one, outside neoesthetic circles, who examines that opus will fail to agree that if it be "poetic achievement" then everything we have known of poetry in the English language from Chaucer to Frost is *not* poetic achievement.



Ezra Pound—symbol for "a corrupt pattern."

THE party line of Eliot and the new esthetes (including the self-styled "new critics") is merely the old doctrine of art-for-art's-sake titivated with plumes of voodoo jargon to overawe the young. Their power in academic circles is beyond appraisal because it is pervasive rather than defined. They have pooled their separate timidities and frustrations, gaining strength from each other's weakness, and have succeeded in an age unprepared by education against pretentious cheek. It reminds one of the scene in Molière's "Malade Imaginaire," where the doctor, discovering that his patient knows no Latin, proceeds to amaze him with high-sounding gibberish. In their subsidized quarterlies they bandy polite disagreements back and forth to maintain an illusion of independent thought, but in all important matters they are at one. Their current preoccupation is a new vocabulary that has no purpose but its own creation. This may be examined in the pages of *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*, November 1948-January 1949, in "A Glossary of the New Criticism." I

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recommend it. They assume a superiority which cannot be attacked because it has no substance. To a world eager for the clearest vision of poets they offer only the analysis of disillusioned irony, word by word. Going further, they subtly undermine reputations of our great poets such as Robinson and Frost, lest contrast destroy the bases of their propaganda. They have shut the doors of poetry in the face of the public. Pound and Eliot are their unquestioned and almost their single point of reference. Otherwise, their pedantry is the easy kind that can be invented verbally as one goes along; they are neither scholarly nor deeply read. A few tags from Aristotle and Coleridge are threadbare from being handed about among those who never read them in their original context.

Yet their power is enormous, especially in the colleges and even the preparatory schools. A large proportion of funds for cultural purposes from the great charitable foundations is earmarked for their use. *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse* seems to be falling into the hands of the new esthetes. In their April number the editors comment on what a hard time poor Ezra Pound must have had from lack of appreciation and add that "nothing is more understandable than that he should have adopted a rather cross attitude towards America." Some day someone is going to adopt a rather cross attitude towards the editors of *Poetry*. Maybe America. I will ask the reader to consider the childish frivolousness of such comment on the Bollingen Award at a time when the clouds of the new Fascism and the new estheticism have perceptibly met in that award.

KARL SHAPIRO, a dissenting member of the jury, provides an interesting example of how an honest mind may be confused by the miasmas of estheticism. In a letter to *The Baltimore Sun*, February 25, 1949, he said that he found "The Pisan Cantos" a work "of an extremely high order." Yet, Mr. Shapiro continues, "Pound has been a confessed Fascist and a violent anti-Semite for many years. . . . The values I perceive in the Cantos are the subjective values . . . of an embittered expatriate who turns world destroyer." Values? Are we to believe that a work based on admittedly evil personal values can be "of an extremely high order"? Elsewhere in the same letter he speaks wholly at variance with the group whose doctrine he had previously embraced:

> I disagree vehemently with the principle embodied in the Library press release that to judge a work of art on other than esthetic grounds is to "deny the objective perception of value on which any civilized society must rest." This is not a statement of principle but an apology; in no case is it a fact that can stand historical or logical inquiry . . . I think it can be pointed out that such an interpretation of literature stems directly from a coterie of writers called the "new critics." This group makes the claim, in effect, that a poem is of such abstract and ethereal a fabric that its relation to the world of men is practically nonexistent. To break the hypnotic spell of detachment which the new critics have cast over poetry is one of the more serious literary issues of our time.

Karl Shapiro—"an honest mind confused by the miasma of estheticism."

What is the origin of this "hypnotic spell"? In the first place, Pound and Eliot years ago began the practice of stuffing their text with oddments chosen from other writers without quotation marks or explanation. In the case of "The Wasteland" this method caused so much anguish that when the poem was printed in book form a glossary was added. A mind seeking the advantage of superiority over others gets a quick satisfaction from being able to recognize bits not known to his grosser fellows, and thus relives the author's own feeling of superiority in planting them there. I say without jesting that this common snobbery creates a warm bond between the new poet and the new critic. Then the critic becomes uneasy. Perhaps someone more learned than he is recognizing more excerpts. Then begins a polite rivalry in source-hunting and interpretation, weaving back and forth as one new critic corrects or amplifies the pseudo-scholarship of another in the beautifully printed pages of their subsidized magazines. To make sure that the public is excluded from this pathetic substitute for aristocracy, they then proceed to fabricate a language bearing little relation to the magnificent one they were born with but failed to master.

With the incorporation of passages from older writers in their works, Eliot and Pound very early set up the worship of Irony. This quality, originally from the Greek *eironeia*, meaning a falsehood based on understatement, has come to be the vehicle of bitterness and sense of defeat without which no modern poet can be acknowledged modern or a poet. An example of what we may call the ironic travesty is found in one of Pound's early effusions. The original is the beautiful little cuckoo-song from the thirteenth century, which begins

> Summer is icumen in
> Lhude sing cuccu.

In Pound's hands this becomes

> Summer is icumen in
> Lhude sing goddamn.

Eliot's "Wasteland" and his later works abound in such felicities. For example, there is Webster's haunted dirge from "The White Devil," which Charles Lamb once compared with the dirge in Shakespeare's "Tempest": the one of the earth, earthy; the other of the water, watery. It ends

> But keep the wolf far thence, that's foe to men,
> For with his nails he'll dig them up again.

Eliot improves the couplet thus:

> Oh keep the Dog far thence, that's friend to men,
> Or with his nails he'll dig it up again.

This version serves doubly to corrupt both music and meaning.

FROM such comparatively simple beginnings stem the indescribable ramifications of the new poetry and the new criticism, which, having exhausted referable quotations and symbols, proceed into semantics and private unintelligibility. They go further than the pioneer warlocks who first cut this trail for the lesser wizards and their followers unto the third and fourth generation. They have, as Ben Ray Redman remarks, "perfected a jargon that is a fright to read."

In this same article, "T. S. Eliot in Sight of Posterity" [*SRL* March 12, 1949], Mr. Redman summarizes:

> To begin with, there is the overshadowing possibility—which I consider a probability—that our descendants will not like this gen-

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eration's most characteristic poetry at all. They may well think that we have set too high a value on verbal mysteries, prosodic eccentricities, ambiguities, and ambivalent symbolism; that the satisfaction experienced by our critics in the presence of many contemporary poems has too often come, not from the poetry itself, but from the critical puzzler's sense of triumph at a riddle solved. Even if this does not occur, there is a chance that Mr. Eliot's extensive dependence on other men's words will prove a heavy burden for his poems to bear for very long—after all sources have been discovered by delighted discoverers—and that he will stand condemned by the rule of his own statement: "The good poet welds his theft into a whole of feeling which is unique and utterly different from that from which it was torn; the bad poet throws it into something that has no cohesion." . . . His [Eliot's] most serious and mature poems may, indeed, largely disintegrate into quotations. . . .

The errors produced by this mosaic style among aspiring new critics are frequent and supply amusement for the well-read. Elizabeth Drew, in her "T. S. Eliot: The Design of His Poetry," doggedly analyzes a passage about a bird, a kingfisher, quite ignorant of the fact that the kingfisher is the halcyon, and is so used in Eliot's symbol—with a wink at the knowing—to avoid the phrase "halcyon calm." Mistakes like that give the whole show away. Three years ago in an article in *SRL* ["Meaning in Modern Poetry," March 23, 1946] Lloyd Frankenberg insisted at length that Eliot, in a reference to "jug-jug," was thinking of a chamber-pot, whereas, in fact, the Master was directly quoting (with ironic intent) from an Elizabethan song about the nightingale. And so it goes. It is all quite clearly a case of the blind misleading the blind.

Lastly, I note a decline in critical honesty. Compare two comments, one of them written seventeen years ago, the other, just recently. Both apply to one of Eliot's better known anti-Semitic passages:

My house is a decayed house,
And the jew squats on the window sill, the owner,
Spawned in some estaminet of Antwerp.

In 1932 Ruth Bailey, in her "Dialogue on Modern Poetry," paraphrased these lines from "Gerontion" frankly and correctly: "The jew is international, the scum of Europe and its landlord, and the house which he owns, the house of European civilization, is international, too; it belongs everywhere and nowhere." Now note carefully the sly euphemism with which Elizabeth Drew glosses over

(*Continued on page* 38)

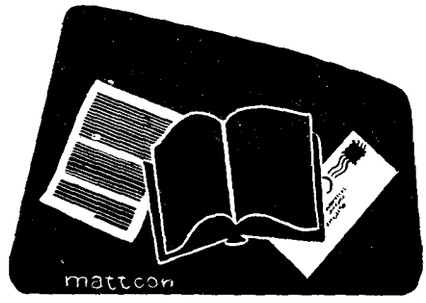
Fiction. *In Somerset Maugham's "Quartet" the reader will find something new in short-story collections. The familiar and polished text, written by the old master over seventeen years, can be compared directly with R. C. Sherriff's deft dramatizations of the same stories for the movies. The volume thus offers Maugham at his best, celebrates his seventy-fifth anniversary, and introduces the reader to a new form of film entertainment. Good reading is provided by three other books reviewed below. "The Last Miracle," by Karl Vollmoeller, is a romantic novel of an opera singer at the time of the French Revolution. Clyde Brion Davis in "Playtime Is Over" offers the refreshing story of a man's worldwide adventures, while "I'll Be Right Home, Ma," by Henry Denker, dramatically probes the grim realities of the boxing ring.*

The Incorrigible Romantic

PLAYTIME IS OVER. By Clyde Brion Davis. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 432 *pp.* $3.

By Harrison Smith

AS A WRITER no one has ever known quite what to expect of Clyde Brion Davis. Yet only he could have written a book like "Playtime Is Over." For he has the open-hearted expansiveness of the Westerner, the romanticism and the wry humor of the adventurer who has never caught up with his dreams. Christopher Morley said of his second book, "The Great American Novel—," that it was the saddest book of the year except that it was heartily amusing. "Playtime Is Over" is a sad and an oddly amusing book, too; and it is also written in the form of the diary of a man who sees the horizon closing in upon him but who against all reason believes that before it is too late a rainbow will still lead him to the pot of gold. Men like the Stephen Lewis of this novel can be extraordinarily exasperating to more rational minds, because they never will learn what they are or where they are going. They are like the habitual drunkard or the gambler who is always going to reform, who knows that everything will come out all right by some miracle, and at the same time is subconsciously aware that the pattern of his life is fixed and inescapable.



Stephen Lewis had been running away toward adventure when fate caught up with him at the age of fifty. He had a fixed idea that marriage and social obligations and the responsibilities of a normal man were so many doors to a prison cell. The United States Marines and finally the Regular Army were his routes of escape to foreign lands and tropical islands where he could sleep casually with women and lead "a man's life." When the Army discovered that he had a bad heart he was retired with a pension and found himself again in his usual dual role, "elated by a curious sort of freedom," and depressed by his recollections of failure. Instead of going home to a Boston suburb and what's left of the family he retreats to a broken-down little farm in Arkansas to live like a hermit. This is his latest escapade, to discover what sort of a man he really is.

The diary that Stephen Lewis writes consists of the story of his past and the humdrum accounts of his daily life on his wretched little farm. He goes to town to pick up his pension check, repairs his broken-down shack, fences in his field, acquires a jackass and a dog, and makes friends with the colored farmer without whose aid and generosity he might have died. Somehow these ordinary events, written in the vein of a man trying to be an amateur philosopher, escape from being monotonously dull. It is a little like watching Robinson Crusoe creating a new life out of the sticks and stones around him.

But even this experiment can come to nothing. The check he receives from the Government every month barely covers his expenses. The long walk to the small-town library ex-

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hausts him, and finally there are only a few books left he cares to read. Storms ruin his sad attempts to raise vegetables, his jackass is a useless nuisance, and his little dog dies. He has built up a kind of futile existence around him only to see it wither under his eyes. Now and then he gets drunk; his heart begins to pound, and he has to fight all over again the battle to keep on breathing, to stay alive. This is what actually happens to him, but the reader is rarely allowed to feel the true meaning of this adventure in loneliness. It is the author's special gift to paint a despairing picture in glowing colors.

The rest of Stephen Lewis's diary concerns his past which is equally futile. He might have gone to Harvard, but he ran away to sea as an oiler on a tramp steamer. He married a girl who tried to murder him. He joined the cavalry on the Mexican border; the First World War took him to France and Germany. The Marines sent him to South America, Haiti, and the Philippines. At the beginning of his diary he sums it up in this manner:

> Now I am doubtless dead under the law of Brazil, officially dead in the United States Army, under sentence of death in Argentina, and executed by a firing squad of Marines in Haiti. Betty in Buffalo also may have believe she murdered me. Judith could assume that a coronary occlusion has taken me now. My name has been expunged by my family in Massachusetts. And tomorrow I shall have been forgotten in New Orleans.

This brief summary leaves out the gaudiest of his escapades, his marriage to imperious Henriqueta, a Brazilian widow, a fabulously rich heiress who owns an empire of forests and plantations. Henriqueta had discovered that "Latins are lousy lovers," but the American sergeant of Marines she took to her bed in Rio was quite another story; so she steals our adventurer out of the Marines, takes him to her plantation palace, and marries him out of hand. When Stephen discovers that his role is to be simply a wedded gigolo, he begins to suspect why his predecessor, Dom Frederico de Pantana, had wasted away and died. He steals her diamond necklace, runs away, joins a fantastic and abortive revolution.

If Clyde Brion Davis had decided to make his hero a comic figure, or had designed his novel as satire, he could not have invented incidents or a character that would better have suited his purpose. Instead he tells his story with a straight, if slightly lugubrious, face. The book has reality because the reader is convinced that there are countless men like Stephen Lewis, men who are always trying to escape and always involving themselves deeper and deeper in tragedies that are so flamboyant that they are laughable.

THE AUTHOR: Liberal or no, Clyde Brion Davis is "still old-fashioned enough to regard fiction as an art form rather than a vehicle for propaganda," and the charge that he has used characters ventriloquially in various of his twelve books irks him. "I haven't found that cerebration is limited to people in the publishing world," he remarks retrospectively of a personal history that has criss-crossed our national economy. At fourteen he quit school in Missouri and became a printer's devil. He was subsequently a commercial artist, steam-fitter's helper, chimney sweep, furnace repairman, and electrician. He picked fruit under peonage conditions, and as private detective once chased a fellow 400 miles across Wyoming in a taxi. He has been an amateur boxer, traveling salesman, rancher, and, in World War I, a soldier. All secondary to his career as newspaperman on the *Denver Post, Times,* and *Rocky Mountain News, Albuquerque Morning Journal, San Francisco Examiner, and Seattle Post-Intelligencer.* He covered the Lindbergh-Hauptmann trial for the *Buffalo Times,* and in 1941 went to Europe for *PM.* At the University of Buffalo he taught journalism, at Rinehart he was for two years associate editor, and for ten months in Hollywood he just suffered. (What the film industry did to Mr. Davis's first novel, "The Anointed," as a Garson-Gable gimmick retitled "Adventure," saddens him.) He was recently surprised to find himself, a Democrat, elected justice of peace in Republican Salisbury, Conn., but he likes it fine. The duties are vague and give him leisure to continue the writing he began soberly with a maritime history, at age seven. Between times, among other works, there have been "The Great American Novel—," "The Arkansas" in the Rivers of America Series, "Sullivan," "The Stars Incline," "Jeremy Bell," and "Temper the Wind." The next will be nonfiction, but that's all he'll say about it. —R.G.

Symbolic Nun

THE LAST MIRACLE. By Karl Vollmoeller. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 706 pp. $4.

By Claude Hill

THE late Karl Vollmoeller is known to Americans chiefly as the author of the elaborate pantomime "The Miracle," which Max Reinhardt staged between the wars. An eclectic and somewhat perfumed poet of *"l'art pour l'art"* at the turn of the century, he wrote a number of romantic verse dramas, and adapted for German audiences pieces by Gozzi, Dostoievsky, and Lope da Vega. Little was heard of him during the past two decades except that he left Germany during the Hitler regime and came to live in the United States. Shortly before his death last year he completed his first and only novel, at the age of seventy.

"The Last Miracle" is the story of a beautiful nun, Megildis, who leaves her convent and becomes a brilliant opera singer, accompanied by her lover, Adrian, a nobleman, and guided by her dark and sinister impresario, Marcel. Told with the help of an ingenious frame- and flash-back technique and painted against the broad canvas of late eighteenth-century Europe, the actual plot unfolds during the heights of the French Revolution, shifting from Paris and Rome to the capitals of the Western Hemisphere and back to Liechtenstein and Vienna. There is ample evidence in this book that the author has remained a confirmed aristocrat and romantic mystic and, above all, an ardent admirer of the Roman Catholic Church. He has recreated most convincingly that delicate mixture of religious sincerity and worldly-wise hypocrisy that forms the atmosphere in which the clergy lives. By contrast, Robespierre and his henchmen, indeed "the common man" of France, emerge as beasts, rogues, and swindlers. To the present-day reader, one of the most surprising and nostalgic revelations of the novel is the cosmopolitan ease with which Europeans were able to travel from one country to another in the age of the stagecoach, as contrasted with the "one world" of airplanes and visa restrictions.

Naturally a writer of Dr. Vollmoeller's stature aimed at more than a fast-moving cloak-and-dagger yarn in historical disguise. This reviewer, however, must confess that to him the significance of the "last miracle" in the title never became quite clear When Megildis leaves the convent, the treasured statue of the Madonna

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disappears, and when the former nun and singer Marcella Lund returns, the image of the Virgin is back in chapel, too. A transubstantiation has taken place, to be sure, but much of the symbolism remains clouded. This is not clarified even by the publisher's statement on the jacket: "The author has set out to explore the everlasting problem of good and evil and to seek the ultimate resolution of this problem in the mystery of faith."

Taken simply as a piece of historical fiction, however, Vollmoeller's novel is not without its merits. Although the workmanship of the dramatist is quite noticeable in the preponderance of dialogue and the consequent lack of the more narrative elements of pure prose, the ever-changing kaleidoscope of historical places and personalities holds the reader's interest until the end. The skilful incorporation as minor characters of such historical figures as Robespierre, Gouveneur Morris, the American Minister to France, the architects Fischer von Erlach and Balthasar Neumann, and many more, gives a certain air of reality to the happenings of a plot which all too often seems contrived.

"The Last Miracle" surely does not rank with such masterpieces of the historical novel as Flaubert's "Salammbo" or Mann's "Joseph and His Brothers." But compared with the assembly-line trash of most recent fiction in the genre, it is a superior performance, interesting for the skill, taste, and knowledge that went into its writing.

Maugham Cinematized

QUARTET. Four stories by W. Somerset Maugham. Screenplays by R. C. Sherriff. New York: Doubleday & Co. 189 pp. $2.50.

By Russell Rhodes

ALTHOUGH the four short stories now grouped under the collective title "Quartet" were written by W. Somerset Maugham during a seventeen-year period, the news lies in their adaptation by R. C. Sherriff into a superlative motion picture, currently at New York's Sutton Theatre, and in the parallel-line publication of Mr. Sherriff's screenplays together with the Maugham originals. In this latter respect "Quartet" is revolutionary. This is the first time that short stories have been cinematized independently of each other for performance by separate casts under separate directors in a single entertainment package. Each is an entity. The link that joins them appropriately into a reel of 10,800 feet for a running time of 120 minutes is the objective mood, which is Maugham's hallmark.

Designed as a tribute to Maugham on his seventy-fifth birthday, the Sherriff job is likewise a protest against the unwritten motion-picture rule that a feature film must run approximately 100 minutes, no matter how specious it may be or how much it may be padded beyond its natural length. No exhibitor would dream of presenting a little cinematic masterpiece of half an hour's duration ahead of some claptrap feature. The packaged "Quartet" knocks this theory silly. Each story ends when it is logically finished; each is of varying length.

"The Facts of Life," an amusing account of a young English tennis player's adventure in Monte Carlo which made him doubt the soundness of his father's warning against gambling and women, is straightforward screen writing in flashbacks through the father's story to his fellow clubmen and through Nicky's Riviera experience.

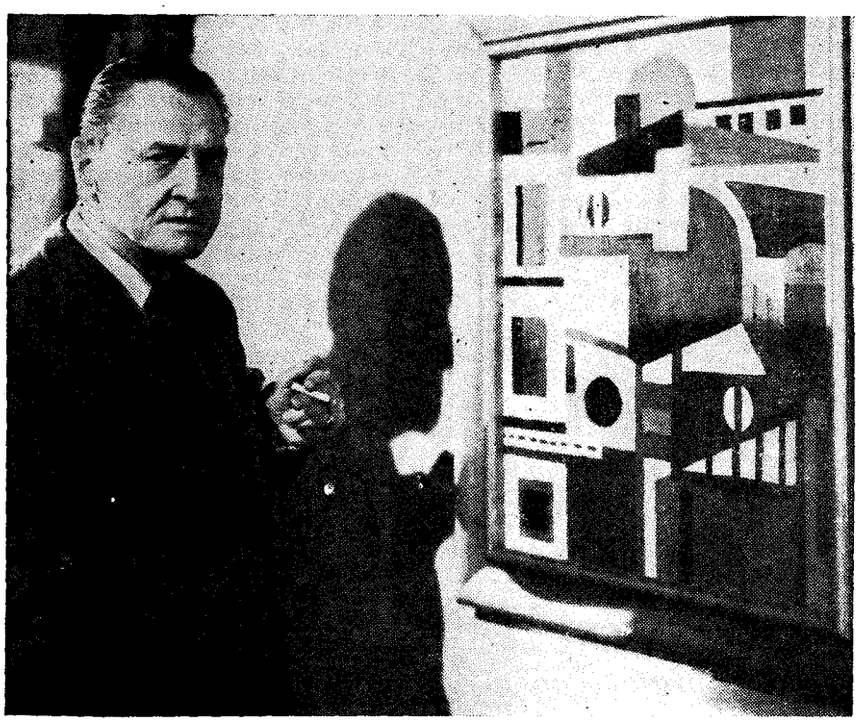
"The Alien Corn" concentrates on a young man who renounces his heritage of a country gentleman's life because he has his heart set on becoming a concert pianist. After studying in Paris, he accepts the verdict of a renowned pianist that he can never hope to become a genuine artist and is found later on the gun-room floor, "accidentally" shot. This is the weakest item on the bill. Sherriff has not only changed the characters, but invented new ones. Maugham's story was subtle sociological comment. In it, young George Bland was not the only person standing "in a field of alien corn," merely because he yearned for a professional musical career. It was his family—the Bleikogels, before they changed their name—who were *nouveau* and alien and who imagined they had fooled everybody into believing them to be really English and "county."

Sherriff has given a winning disposition to Betty, Herbert Sunbury's girl, in "The Kite." This sharpens the peculiar adolescent frustration of Herbert, who goes to Brixton Prison for non-support of his bride because she smashed his kite, the symbol of their drifting apart.

For "The Colonel's Lady," a little gem, Sherriff has gone beyond Maugham's ending. A pukka Colonel Blimp, upon learning that his mousey wife had revealed a love affair in a book of passionate verse that made her a literary celebrity, resolves to keep quiet because he "doesn't know what he'd do without Evie." But, he remarks to his solicitor, "What, in the name of heaven, did the fellow ever see in her?"

Deeming such an ending inconclusive for film audiences, Sherriff has concocted a "surprise," wherein the colonel's lady tells Peregrine that the verses were really her memories about him as he was at the beginning of their marriage. The change is effected neatly, retaining a great deal

(*Continued on page* 31)



W. Somerset Maugham—"subtle sociological comment."

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Peace in Our Time.

Most books dedicated to the problem of rendering our uneasy peace more tranquil—whether they come from the pens of publicists or scientists—advocate one or the other of two solutions. The necessity for some sort of world government to make useless such weapons as the atom bomb and biological warfare is urged in "Must Destruction Be Our Destiny?," by the chemist Harrison Brown, and in two new books reviewed here: "Western Union," by publicists Andrew and Frances Boyd, and "Foundations for World Order," by a group of social and natural scientists. Another oft-suggested solution is "a better understanding with Russia"—called for by the politician Henry Wallace in "Toward World Peace," and in two books discussed below: the bacteriologist Theodor Rosebury's "Peace or Pestilence" and the philosopher John Somerville's "Philosophy of World Peace."

What Bacteriological Warfare Means

PEACE OR PESTILENCE: Biological Warfare and How to Avoid It. By Theodor Rosebury. New York: Whittlesey House. 218 pp. $2.75.

By WALDEMAR KAEMPFFERT

IN collaboration with Dr. Elvin Kabat, a biochemist, and Martin H. Boldt, at that time a medical student, Dr. Theodor Rosebury, himself a teacher of bacteriology, prepared in 1942 a ninety-page report on bacterial warfare for the National Research Council. The report was not published until 1947, when its findings made the front page of important newspapers. It was the product of much drudgery. It contained no original material. All that it did was to summarize what could be dug out of the literature of bacteriology, viruses, infections, and epidemics. Since then we have had the Merck report, which concealed more than it revealed, and about 150 papers which were published by the scientists who worked at Camp Detrick and who made some important discoveries. In preparing this book, Dr. Rosebury has drawn much on the Merck report and on the papers published by the Camp Detrick bacteriologists. The result is a good popular summary of what bacteriological warfare means, despite the fact that the most important information on the subject has been held back by the military authorities.

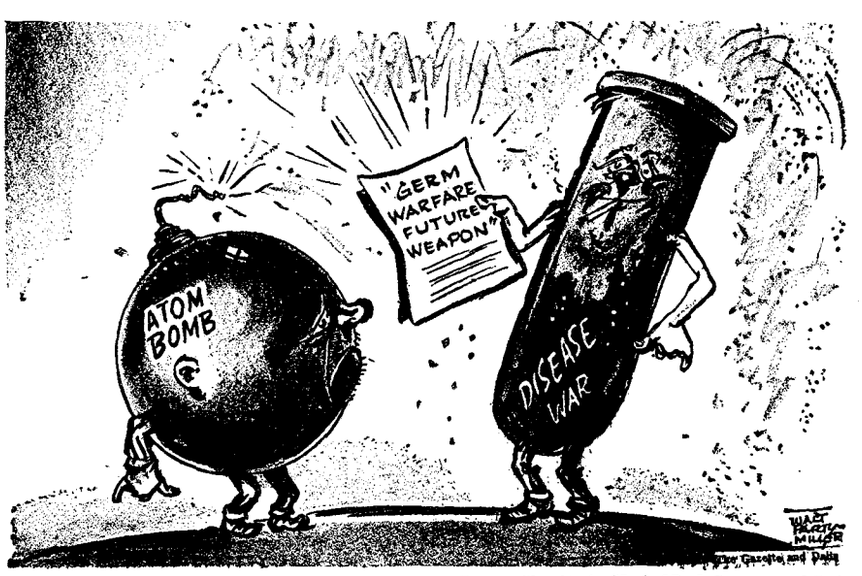
Dr. Rosebury appraises the organisms that can infect man, animals, and plants from the standpoint of infectivity, casualty effectiveness, availability, resistance, means of transmission, epidemicity, specific immunization, therapy, detection, and "retroactivity" or danger to the user of bacteria, viruses, or prisms. It turns out that not many micro-organisms can be used in war, but the few that can be are terrifying enough.

On the whole it looks as if the pollution of the water supply can be dismissed. To send forth infected insects or animals (rats) is useless because of "retroactivity." Dr. Rosebury takes more seriously than do the authors of the Merck report the charge that the Japanese dropped plague germs on Chinese villages on more than one occasion. It is not so easy to start an epidemic as it seems, unless, indeed, ways were discovered at Camp Detrick that must be kept secret.

Just before he retired Secretary Forrestal, though admitting that bacterial warfare is something with which we must reckon, played it down. For that matter the authorities have also been playing down the atomic bomb in the Strategic Bombing Survey and other documents issued since 1947. It cannot be denied that bacterial warfare is more than a possibility, but whether it is to be feared more than atomic warfare even Dr. Rosebury declines to say. He believes that infective agents can be spread in artificial clouds and cites experiments conducted at Camp Detrick to prove his point. Since the Camp Detrick papers were released for publication it is fair to assume that the military authorities may not think as highly of infective clouds as Dr. Rosebury does.

The Merck report, while it dwells on "methods for the rapid and accurate detection of minute quantities of disease-producing agents," also mentions "intensive investigations . . . on . . . physical and chemical protective measures" and makes the blanket statement that "adequate defenses against potentially dangerous methods of warfare were devised."

The last third of Dr. Rosebury's book is given over to answering the question: What can be done about bacterial warfare? Apparently very little, when it is remembered that in a laboratory no bigger than a bathroom enough micro-organisms can be cultivated to kill the entire population of the United States. It is far easier to control the production of atomic bombs by an inspection system than it is to control the cultivation of bacteria. Hence Dr. Rosebury sees no other solution of the biological problem than a determined effort to make our peace with the rest of the world, particularly with Soviet Russia. But how is peace to be achieved? Dr. Rosebury is not specific, though it is to be inferred that, like Dr. P. M. S. Blackett, who has dealt with the atomic bomb, he would go rather far in making concessions to the Politburo. This last third is less satisfactory than the rest of the book.



—*Walter Partymiller in the* York [*Pa.*] Gazette and Daily.

"Hey—Small Fry!"

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Bedeviled by the Bomb

MUST WE HIDE? By R. E. Lapp. Cambridge, Mass.: Addison-Wesley Press. 182 pp. $3.

By DAVID BRADLEY

MRS. ROOSEVELT once charmed an Australian audience with this story on her husband: A conscientious marine, after months in the Pacific, was lamenting the fact that he had never been able to assist any of the enemy to become honorable ancestors. His sergeant suggested that he try a well-proven technique—"Just holler, 'To hell with Tojo,' and some loyal candidate for immortality will leap from his fox-hole and then you've got him." After the next skirmish the young marine, longer of face than ever, came back to complain that the trick was a phoney.

"Did you say, 'To hell with Tojo!'?" asked his sergeant, mystified.

"Sure," was the reply, "but the darned guy jumped up hollering, 'To hell with Roosevelt,'—and how could I shoot down a fellow Republican?"

Having been asked to review a book entitled "Must We Hide?" I naturally oiled my rifle. But when in the second paragraph I find the author jumping up shouting: "We must not hide from the facts"—well, how could I snipe at a fellow DP, displaced from science into education?

Dr. Lapp is a nuclear physicist who has been with the bomb project since the beginning, and who has co-authored with H. L. Andrews an excellent textbook on "Nuclear Radiation Physics." There is, of course, no question of his scientific background, and of his practical experience with atomic weapons. If there are exceptions to be taken to his book—and if they are worth taking—they would be more in the form of additions than corrections. Atomic energy includes the whole spectrum of knowledge and it probably is not given to any one person to master it all. The physics is complex indeed, but the biological side is still more complex owing to the variables and unknowns introduced by living mechanisms. Medicine likewise is still wrapped in unknowns. And so when the author speaks of radioactive contamination as "very annoying" I confess I like the idea. It is a nice understatement.

Dr. Lapp has written a good book. He covers what the layman should know about atomic weapons in a thorough and level-headed way, and he uncovers many misconceptions. His text is an excellent answer to his title which poses, of course, the big problem of the day.

—*Justus in* The Minneapolis Star.

"Is This All We Can Do About It?"

"We must not hide from the facts"—and yet that is just what we have been doing for four years. Like many another authority turned author by the atomic bomb Dr. Lapp is concerned with "misconceptions," "hysteria," and "panic." Rightly so. But he assumes that such states of mind stem from a want of information, and says that now for the first time the "real truth" is being told, "realistically, not hysterically."

I doubt this diagnosis. The Atomic Energy Commission lists nearly 700 documents and books covering most aspects of the subject, technical and otherwise. What other "hot" military subject is so well covered?

"Must We Hide" presupposes, as it must, the probability of another war, and of course assumes that atomic weapons will be used. Since "war is a fight to the death, etiquette and rules of procedure are a mockery." The author does an excellent job in depicting the defensive and offensive problems of "winning" such a war. He gives no aid and comfort to the addicts of the "preventive war," nor to the "victory through air power" line, nor to the dinosaurs of American invincibility.

Dr. Lapp speaks of our military defense as consisting of four parts:

(1) *Detection*—being alert twenty-four hours of the day every day in the year. (Query: Pearl Harbor?)

(2) *Interception*—"probable that a large percentage of enemy bombers will get through." (Query: what about schnorkel submarines?)

(3) *Destruction of enemy striking power*, bases, planes, fuel, etc. (Query: effectiveness of enemy defenses?)

(4) *Retaliation*—"so that the will to resist is weakened." (Query: "Unconditional Surrender," and not "Uncle," has been the cry in the past.)

Military defense therefore is no complete-coverage life insurance. I am sure that the author will receive his share of tar and feathers for his straightforward discourse on our vulnerable points. There will be some who, hearing of Sault St. Marie and Hanford for the first time, will insist that Dr. Lapp is publishing bombing plans for the enemy, and that he should therefore be investigated for something. Indeed his candid statement that New York is "a city of the past" makes this almost a certainty.

He estimates, and conservatively, that a single surprise bomb exploding over Manhattan would kill 200,000 people, and injure 250,000 more. Given maximum defense effectiveness, and a superstitious awe for statistics, we can be comforted in knowing that casualties would be reduced to twenty per cent. Twenty per cent of 250,000 people is still 50,000 people—half of them would be burn casualties. Considering what 500 burn cases from the Cocoanut Grove fire did to medicine in Boston one can forgive the physicist for concluding "the medical profession must assume the greatest responsibility." The next question is, "With what and with whom?" Ninety per cent of the hospital facilities, and ninety per cent of medical personnel were casualties themselves at Hiroshima.

Civil defense, according to Dr. Lapp, involves two tasks:

(1) *Public education*—which at the moment is practically nonexistent, not for want of information, I believe, but because of something far more fundamental. It has to do with leading horses to water, and while I cannot speak as an authority on horse sense I suspect that few modern horses would bother with water when there are so many bars handy.

(2) *Decentralization of cities*—this is no new idea; it is older than the atomic bomb and received its first thorough consideration in a petition to Secretary of War Stimson by a group of Chicago atomic scientists five weeks before Alamogordo. They foresaw that even a minimal effort would be difficult and fantastically expensive. So when the author plans his neat world of satellite, doughnut, and rodlike cities he is doodling on the telephone pad and doing it two billion years too late.

The Great Planner did not have the benefit of a degree in engineer-

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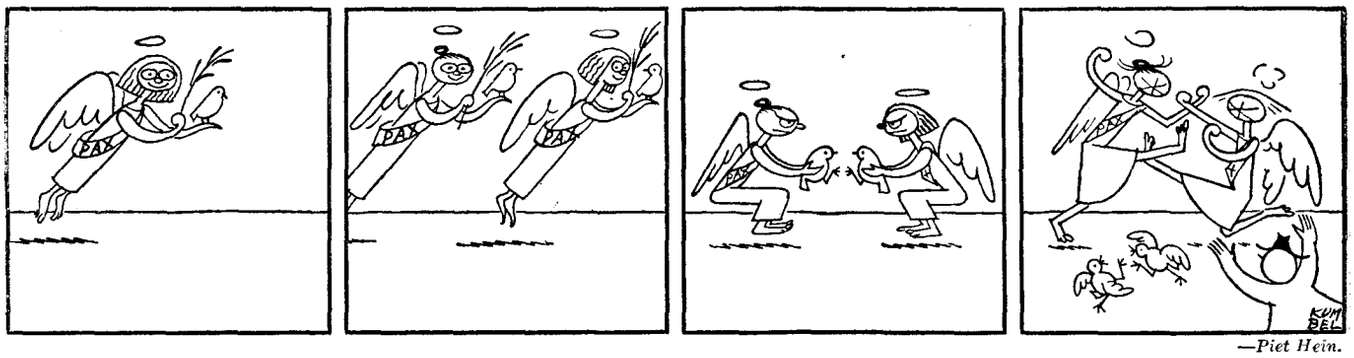

—Piet Hein.

"Peace! Peace!"

ing—or perhaps He was more interested in esthetic values. At any rate He designed a world full of mountains, lakes, forests, rivers, and oceans. Cities, however, are man-made, imperfect, and bound to economic laws, and the author perhaps should take a trip to Boston, where he will observe that streets are, after all, only paved cowpaths. However, any man may speculate, and Dr. Lapp has not, as he confesses in the end, burdened his book with "too many conclusions." Rather he has presented "facts" in a clear, readable, and worth-while way.

The reader, however, is compelled to draw conclusions. For my part I would say that the real question is not atomic weapons at all, but war. Professor Toynbee, in his "Civilization on Trial," indicates that of the twenty civilizations known to history all except our own are extinct owing to "war, class, or some combination of the two." Dr. Lapp permits himself to consider this larger question in only two places. In one he speaks of there being no need for larger atomic bombs since the current models are "large enough." Large enough for what? It is known that there is enough raw material available to wipe out all the major cities of the world—and that should satisfy even a perfectionist.

In the other, at the very end of his book, he says: "Peace is the biggest thing in the world today and in this we must not fail." Although he gives only one part in 400 of his book to a consideration of this problem, that still is twice as good a ratio as our national policy in expenditures, where we give 1,000 times as much to military preparedness as to the United Nations.

In his last line Dr. Lapp says: "We have a responsibility from which we must not hide." I wonder how long it will be before the civilized world comes to understand what that responsibility really is?

David Bradley, M.D., author of "No Place to Hide," was assigned to the radiological safety section of the Bikini atom bomb test.

Deterministic Ideologies

THE PHILOSOPHY OF PEACE. By John Somerville. New York: Gaer Assoc. 264 pp. $3.

By August Heckscher

DR. SOMERVILLE'S thesis is concealed from anyone who casually picks up this volume. The title gives only the faintest hint of it; the jacket blurb is evasive; the preface and table of contents are singularly noncommittal. Yet it is a thesis that can be simply stated. Though it is controversial, one would hardly have supposed it to be so explosive as to require being wrapped up in words and unfolded thus circumspectly to the reader.

In brief, Dr. Somerville maintains that the ideologies (or philosophies) which nations hold determine their place in the international scene; that the Nazi ideology impels a nation irresistibly toward war, while the Communist ideology leads a nation toward peace.

The author writes with precision and shows the results of his professional training. He avoids the worst errors of over-simplification and of special pleading into which his argument might lead him. He makes it clear, for example, that ideologies do not infallibly determine the behavior of a nation. Mussolini could make the glorification of force the cornerstone of Fascism, and yet manage for more than a decade to keep his place within the European family of nations. In the same way a Communist nation, which he holds to be essentially pacific, might be so far led astray from its principles as to embark on an aggressive war. But to the extent that a nation is true to itself, he argues, its course will be determined by the body of beliefs and values which make up its ideology.

The importance of ideologies was well illustrated by those who, in the prewar period, wrote off as meaningless statements of Mussolini and Hitler, insisting that the true nature of their movements could be seen in the fact that the former made the trains run on time and the latter abolished unemployment. But the ideology, as we now see, did count; and we can say that the seeds of the European war were sown from the day these two came to power. They established essentially nihilistic regimes, which could have no end but violence and destruction.

Dr. Somerville is at pains to insist that the philosophy of Communism is different. Despite the fact that Communist techniques—at least at this stage of Russia's development—show many similarities to those of a Fascist state, there is evidently a fundamental divergence between them. Communism, considered philosophically, possesses an inner logic and system of values which makes it possible to conceive a stable society. However ready a Communist regime may be to use force, both internally and against outside nations, it is far from considering warfare the supreme end of life.

So much must be admitted; for without seeing the basis of truth in Dr. Somerville's argument, we cannot distinguish the superstructure of error. Dr. Somerville proceeds from the reasonable assumption that Russia desires ultimate peace to the dubious conclusion that Russia will pursue peace. History is full of the record of nations which have wanted a good life for their citizens and yet have supposed they could attain it only at the expense of their neighbors or by forcing their neighbors into adopting their own system. A democratic society, no less than a Communist society, can be expansive and aggressive at certain periods of its development.

At the close of the last war evidence piled up ominously and irrefutably that Russia was embarked upon an expansive course, using the Communist parties which it controlled,

(*Continued on page 23*)

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Art. *Although the number of new books dealing with the visual arts has tapered off a bit from the all-time peak reached last year, the quality remains firmly high. Among the armful of volumes we review this week are several which deserve a place on the bookshelf of every serious student of the fine arts. Of these, the most important is perhaps "Sketch for a Self-Portrait," the simple and human autobiography of Bernard Berenson, the greatest living connoisseur of Italian painting. For years to come college students, as well as adults intent upon teaching themselves something about our artistic heritage, are apt to depend upon Oxford's "History of World Art," a solid, comprehensive, and eclectic account by Upjohn, Wingert, and Mahler. Wight's "Milestones of American Painting" is a handsome and useful anthology of work since* 1900.

Parade of Contempories

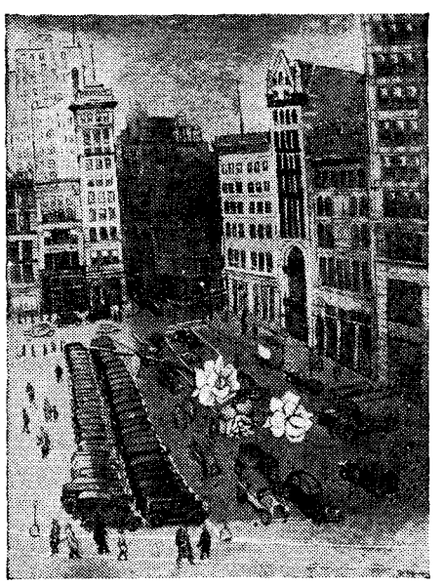
MILESTONES OF AMERICAN PAINTING IN OUR CENTURY. By Frederick S. Wight. New York: Chanticleer Press. 132 *pp.* $5.

MAX WEBER. By Lloyd Goodrich. New York: The Macmillan Co. 58 *pp.* $2.

By Jerome Mellquist

JUST why should it be so difficult to compile a satisfactory picture-album on contemporary American painting? Singing "Yankee Doodle" and flapping out Old Glory as if to demonstrate his patriotism, Peyton Boswell, editor of *Art Digest,* several years ago assembled a pictorial catalogue suggesting that our painters still remained in the backwoods. Thomas Craven, who plumps for his own coterie of Midwestern Gothic-cutters and regionalists, included only them when he did his general anthology on painting. Others, like Samuel Kootz, formerly a gallery proprietor, try to be up to date and thus simply ignore what hasn't the latest cut. Alfred H. Barr, Jr., and Holger Cahill struck much closer to the target in their useful survey published fifteen years ago. But this has never been revised and it devoted but a section to current developments. Granted such an opportunity, Frederick S. Wight, museum official and novelist, should have been able to plait together something impressive, but he has not quite fulfilled the assignment.

Yet he possesses certain qualifications. He writes considerably better than some of his predecessors in this field. He can sometimes sum up, particularly in his page-length commentaries, a whole personality, as when he says of John Sloan that he "throve on battle," but now, "like an old soldier, has lived on to a time when men have less high hearts and give him a perfunctory loyalty." Certainly George Bellows, who starred as a short-stop before committing himself to the paint-brush, had "an athlete's confidence." It would be hard to improve on his description of Charles Sheeler's spotless canvases as appearing to be "conjured out of blueprints, and to correspond closely to a certain American concept of industry—at once highly organized, idealized, and detached from humanity."



—*Courtesy, Newark [N. J.] Museum.*

"Farewell to Union Square," by Morris Kantor—". . . a good foray in the right direction."

Yet even here he attains his best when he can inspect the constellations already well established. Newer luminaries—that sparkling colorist William de Kooning, for instance—are missing and certain burnt-out talents are accepted as still blazing. Nevertheless, the page-length commentaries (each facing a reproduction) often have the cut of freshness, if not of authority.

It is when the anthologist charts the entire story that he proves his uncertainty. Starting with The Eight and then recalling Stieglitz and the first modern shows in America, he proceeds acceptably to the end of the Twenties. Thereafter, he is swayed too readily by such drifting currents as the American Scene Cult and our Social Propagandists. Why not select more insistently, even to dismissing headline favorites when proficiency in painting is absent? Then the outcome would be more attractive to the eye. Furthermore, the book is marred by inaccuracies not permissible in a volume of this kind. Charles Burchfield no doubt would be surprised to see himself listed as being five years younger than he actually is. Alfred Stieglitz did not die in 1945, but one year later. And Max Weber received his first one-man show at the Haas Gallery. What results—and here we turn to a phrase of the compiler—is a "blurred pattern," commendable as to its initial tracing but insufficiently incisive on the final mark, and this because literary flourishes, however well executed, cannot compensate for an inability to employ the further powers of the mind. Even so, Wight's book surpasses those anthologies too often woven from Fourth of July bunting and can stand as at least a good foray in the right direction.

Lloyd Goodrich, the capable art historian associated with the Whitney Museum of American Art, has, in his catalogue for that institution's recent Max Weber show, ably checked through the record of his man and set it forth in a prose which, though clear, sometimes lacks the enticements of Mr. Wight's more compelling turns of statement. Though a careful sifter and a quiet estimator, he does possibly take the artist a little too much on his own terms. Weber often has been an eclectic—and an intelligent one, too. A simple acknowledgment to that effect would hurt nobody and furnish a real pivot for the discussion. This reservation admitted, Mr. Goodrich has supplied yet another volume to a rapidly lengthening shelf soon sufficiently mature, one trusts, to prove that we have an art literature fully equal to the brave contemporary American painting originally inspiring it. When we do, our painters will be better understood and we should have far more satisfactory pictorial albums because of the direction in which the present works already have pointed.

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The Essence of "B. B."

SKETCH FOR A SELF-PORTRAIT. By Bernard Berenson. New York: Pantheon Books. 184 *pp.* $3.

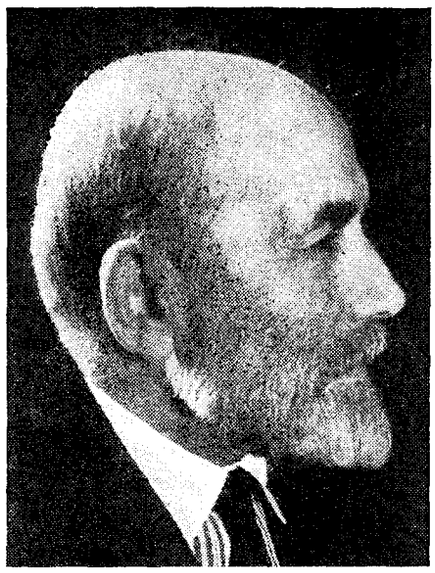
By Francis Henry Taylor

NO SINGLE figure in the world of art has contributed more to the taste and understanding of Italian painting than Bernard Berenson, and none has more gracefully disavowed the pedants and pundits who have boiled and frothed in his wake. "Sketch for a Self-Portrait," for which he has sat in the antiphonal role of both confessor and confessed, is a disarmingly civilized affair. It reveals the man and explodes the legend. Those who hope to find in it a formula for *expertise* and connoisseurship will be sadly disappointed. Here is no short cut to "the study of attribulation," no Darwinian concept of the origin of art, and, certainly, no doctrine or system of art history. What the reader will discover is the essence of "B. B."—perhaps the best-read man of his day—who, having embarked in early youth upon the career of professional sage, miraculously achieved true sagacity in the process.

The most compelling thing about this simple and almost perfect little volume is its admission of faith—faith in humanity, and in what the author insists upon calling "*It.*" His view of humanity is a reiteration of the traditional humanistic position: belief in man as someone removed from other animals, a creature of stature and of dignity. "Man is a destroyer," he writes, "but what a creator! The human past, long before history begins, is strewn with figured records of his love of beauty and testimonials to his genius as a creator."

"*It,*" the other facet of his credo, "is every experience that is ultimate, valued for its own sake. . . . *It* is esthetical . . . not ethical . . . *It* is incapable of analysis, requires no explanations and no apology, is self-evident and right. One may sing about it but not discuss it. *It* is the most immediate and mystical way . . . the dream of a life lived as a sacrament."

If Bernard Berenson has come at eighty-four within sight of his nirvana, he has not done so without paying dearly for the privilege. A convinced hedonist in the sense we have not known since the Judaeo-Hellenic days of Alexandria (Berenson refers to himself as a "Christianity graduate"), his life of contemplation has been predicated on standards of personal comfort and luxury which the professional archeologist and art historian have never been willing to forgive. It is a pity that so large a portion of "Sketch for a Self-Portrait" should be so needlessly concerned with the justification for this sybaritic way of life. Berenson's early years were devoted to the perfection of a method which frankly brought him material rewards—years which in the case of the "Florentine Drawings" he now considers a waste of time. He is willing to leave to others the task of distinguishing between the hands of the various *Amici di Nessuno.* But the method still remains as do the incomparable collections he has formed. And, while the lesser luminaries are picking at the bones, he has passed on to the philosophical inquiries which interested him more.



Bernard Berenson—"pedants and pundits . . . boiled and frothed in his wake."

The lovely villa *I Tatti,* at Settignano overlooking Florence, which forms the setting of this life, Berenson is leaving, together with its gardens, its library (one of the finest art libraries ever assembled), and its collection, to Harvard University, as a research center. The ill-concealed jealousies of the academic world may thus be assuaged by the knowledge that the vintages upon which this greatest of spiritual wine-tasters has refined his palate have not been drunk in vain.

Conspicuously absent from learned convocations of recent years, the recipient of no degree from any American university, Berenson has lived a life apart from a confraternity whose legend he became. But, if he has not been properly doctored by his colleagues, he has never allowed himself to be diluted. There flows through the pages of "Sketch for a Self-Portrait" not ordinary printer's ink but the heady wine which long ago intoxicated the gods and goddesses of Mount Olympus.

Objets d'Art

HISTORY OF WORLD ART. By Everard M. Upjohn, Paul S. Wingert, and Jane Gaston Mahler. New York: Oxford University Press. 896 *pp.* $6.

By John Fabian Kienitz

LIKE the works of art that called it forth, this unusually handsome volume is remarkable for its content, expression, and decoration. Its purpose is the interpretation of the arts "in terms of their historic backgrounds." It is a pleasure to report that here intention and achievement are almost ideally fused into one form. The historical background serves to introduce us to the broader phases and more important places of art. But it is when it comes to grips with the individual art object that this book becomes especially valuable as an introduction to world art.

Of each art object this book gives a concise and lucid analysis, evaluating its merits and its importance in the culture from which it comes. Several of the leading concepts of criticism are applied to each object, a welcome departure from the narrow, single-formula approach too common in books of this kind. The authors know that "few activities of man offer such a variety of legitimate interpretations as his artistic expression." They assume that in understanding works of art the richest satisfaction comes to those who approach it through the greatest number of ways.

In the course of their discussion of Egypt's religious architecture, the authors comment that the deepest and most poignant motivation of artistic man is "the human craving for permanence." But, as they are quite aware, there are other motivations. There are periods of tension and release, of relaxation and chagrin. And these arise, dramatically and organically, as they should, out of the continuing heart of this book.

For the student of architectural history or for the layman that is in all of us, this book offers a complete, factual exposition of architecture. Egyptian, Assyrian, Persian, Greek, Gothic, and Renaissance architectures are recreated in words that will please both technician and poet. The various elements of building style are differentiated and measured.

The text is the product of a skilled collaboration. It is deceptively easy to read because its scholarship is tempered with mercy. Whenever it was possible to do so, objects out of American museums were chosen for

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analysis. This idea works like a charm for Chinese painting and Japanese woodcuts especially. Ready access to originals makes it easy to see how inevitably the spirit moves among all men.

Nearly all of the art objects selected for analysis are illustrated. And, despite the fact that the illustrations total 654, many of them are full-page. All are black and white. We ought to take to black-and-white illustrations on a theory of least harm. For color too often gives the reader the conviction that he is confronted by the art object itself. The authors feel that these illustrations will in themselves constitute a graphic record of the arts, and have therefore grouped them together in a separate section. This partition of text and picture has made possible the use of a special manufacturing technique, which, in turn, has resulted in a handsome book.

There is a glossary of technical terms, a list of supplementary readings (superbly annotated), art maps of Europe and the Orient, chronological charts of art periods, artists, and monuments, and an index that is itself a work of art and science.

John Fabian Kienitz is associate professor of art history at the University of Wisconsin.

Directions of the Modern Movement

PAINTING AND SCULPTURE IN THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART. Edited by Alfred H. Barr, Jr. New York: Simon & Schuster. 327 *pp.* $5.50.

By Perry Rathbone

IT IS a fact as odd as it is deplorable that catalogues of the permanent collections of American museums are amongst the rarest of the contemporary publications devoted to art. It would seem that the energetic programs of popularization that have vitalized our museums in the past thirty years have pushed aside this quiet, laborious, yet important undertaking. No museum in the country has pursued a more dynamic program than the Museum of Modern Art. In fact the freshness and vitality of its activity have provided a stimulus if not a goad to many older and more sedate institutions; it is therefore the more to be congratulated for having published this handsome volume, richly illustrated, carefully annotated, and clearly organized. The fact that this is the second catalogue of its collection of paintings and sculpture to be produced in the past five years indicates the importance the Museum attaches to publications of this kind.

In general appearance the new work resembles those other catalogues of the Museum which have grown familiar these twenty years and which now would find cramped quarters on a bookshelf of Dr. Eliot's prescribed dimensions. Indeed no less than forty-six of these publications—by no means all—are mentioned in the present catalogue. The chief emphasis of the volume is upon its lavish illustrations: nearly 400 works of art are reproduced, a great number of them in full page, and for the most part the cuts are of unusually high quality. The catalogue listing of the collection, which is condensed into twenty-five pages at the back of the book, is a model of brevity and clarity. By virtue of the fact that the listing is alphabetical by artist and the page number of each illustrated work is given next the catalogue entry, the book is an ideal reference work. The text of the book consists of a preface by John Hay Whitney, chairman of the board of the Museum, which is a resolute and forceful statement of the Museum's philosophy and its policies in collecting; and an introduction by Alfred H. Barr, Jr., which succinctly traces the history of the collection, summarizes the scope of it, and states as plainly as the subject permits the method employed by the Museum to add to its collections or eliminate from them.

As a work of reference it would be hard to overrate the value of the new catalogue. But it is more than that; for just as the Museum itself is committed to a program that far exceeds the mere collecting and displaying of modern art, so the new catalogue fulfills a broader function. A vital part of the Museum program is teaching and interpretation. The catalogue is appropriately based upon the same philosophy. Thanks to Mr. Barr's studious and resourceful editorship, what would otherwise have been a chaotic and bewildering picture book has been built into an orderly and instructive survey of the chief directions assumed by the modern movement in painting and sculpture. The illustrations, including both paintings and sculpture, have been grouped into twenty categories, each beginning with a lucid statement summarizing the movement illustrated, and each bearing a label that reveals again Mr. Barr's flair for apt nomenclature.

The preface to the catalogue states that the collection of the Museum is believed to be the most comprehensive of its kind in the world. This hardly seems an overstatement, and there is no question that the catalogue itself is one of the most comprehensive works in the literature of the subject. The Museum is proud of its "catholicity and tolerance." One certainly does not object to these principles, nor to the ideal of comprehensiveness. But at the same time one closes the new volume with the wish that greater selectiveness had been used both in forming the collection and illustrating the catalogue. What is truly significant and first rate in the art of our time loses its proper emphasis when it is surrounded by specimens of visual art whose appeal is primarily intellectual and whose value is that of social-historical documents before other considerations. On grounds of catholicity alone, one questions the inclusion of the youthful American group composed of Pollock, Gottlieb, Motherwell, Baziotes, and Stamos (all of them illustrated), while the equally original Lee Gatch, Philip Guston, Stephen Greene, and Karl Zerbe remain unrepresented.

Likewise one must take exception to the Museum's claim of "balance," for this all-important precept to the Museum's collecting policy has not been observed in respect to a number of the best-known artists of our age. Where amongst contemporary Europeans lies even a semblance of balance between fourteen Tchelichews, twelve Max Ernsts, and three Max Beckmanns; between eight Lipschitz (seven of them illustrated) and two minor works by Gerhard Marcks and three by Laurens? And in the American field what is one to deduce from the fact that the Museum boasts nineteen Max Webers and thirteen Morris Graveses while Marin and Feininger are represented by three and four works respectively?

Perry Rathbone is director of the St. Louis (Mo.) Museum.

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What to Read This Summer

The Nation's Newspaper Critics Vote

THE lists of "current books worth reading" drawn up by the literary critics and editors of the nation's leading newspapers [*SRL* April 16] proved useful to so many readers that *SRL*'s editors have asked the critics to compile fresh lists—this time of books worth reading during the summer months.

Responses were received from twenty-six critics, representing newspapers in every section of the country, each submitting the titles of five works of fiction and five general works. *SRL*'s editors did not specify that the titles be "current books," but in most cases the critics chose volumes published during the past year. As was true of the earlier lists, a wide range of titles was named: seventy-six works of fiction and sixty-six general works. Four books—"Father of the Bride," by Edward Streeter, "The Spell of the Pacific," an anthology edited by Carl Stroven and C. Grove Day, "Death of a Salesman," the play by Arthur Miller, and "The Doctor Wears Three Faces," by Mary Bard—were named by some critics as "fiction" and by others as "general" works.

In both fiction and general classifications there was a greater diversity of opinion than in the earlier lists. In fiction "The Brave Bulls," by Tom Lea, led with nine votes, followed by "Hunter's Horn," by Harriette Arnow, with seven, "The Track of the Cat," by Walter Van Tilburg Clark, with six, and "Father of the Bride," with five. (If the votes given "Father of the Bride" as a "general" work are counted, that book comes in second with eight votes.)

Among the general works "Cream Hill," by Lewis Gannett, was an easy first with ten votes. After it came "Dickens," by Hesketh Pearson, with eight nominations, "And One to Grow On," by John Gould, with seven, "Beau James," by Gene Fowler, and "The Twelve Seasons," by Joseph Wood Krutch, with six each, and "A Mencken Chrestomathy," by H. L. Mencken, with five.

The complete lists follow:

W. G. Rogers
The Associated Press

Fiction

"Hunter's Horn," by Harriette Arnow (Macmillan).
"Two Worlds and Their Ways," by I. Compton-Burnett (Knopf).
"Lonesome Valley," by Henry Hornsby (Sloane).
"Go Fight City Hall," by Ethel Rosenberg (Simon & Schuster).
"Father of the Bride," by Edward Streeter (Simon & Schuster).

General

"A Mencken Chrestomathy," by H. L. Mencken (Knopf).
"And One to Grow On," by John Gould (Morrow).
"Cream Hill," by Lewis Gannett (Viking).
"A House in the Cévennes," by Jeanne Saleil (Macmillan).
"Flight from Reality," by Norman Taylor (Duell).

Alice Dixon Bond
Boston Herald

Fiction

"Hunter's Horn," by Harriette Arnow.
"Fraternity Village," by Ben Ames Williams (to be published July 11 by Houghton Mifflin).
"The North Star Is Nearer," by Evelyn Eaton (Farrar, Straus).
"Playtime Is Over," by Clyde Brion Davis (Lippincott).
"The Journey of Simon McKeever," by Albert Maltz (Little, Brown).

General

"I Wanted to Write," by Kenneth L. Roberts (Doubleday).
"And One to Grow On," by John Gould.
"Jesse James Was My Neighbor," by Homer Croy (Duell).
"The Black Hills," by Robert J. Casey (Bobbs-Merrill).
"Cream Hill," by Lewis Gannett.

Van Allen Bradley
Chicago Daily News

Fiction

"Hunter's Horn," by Harriette Arnow.
"Opus 21," by Philip Wylie (Rinehart).
"Kinfolk," by Pearl S. Buck (John Day).
"Playtime Is Over," by Clyde Brion Davis.
"Journey Into Spring," by Winston Clewes (to be published June 14 by Knopf).

General

"Complete Poems of Robert Frost," (Holt).
"A Mencken Chrestomathy," by H. L. Mencken.
"Goethe: The Story of a Man," by Ludwig Lewisohn (Farrar, Straus).
"Creed or Chaos," by Dorothy L. Sayers (Harcourt).
"Behind the Curtain," by John Gunther (Harper).

Emmett Dedmon
Chicago Sun-Times

Fiction

"The Brave Bulls," by Tom Lea (Little, Brown).
"Without Magnolias," by Bucklin Moon (Doubleday).
"Kinfolk," by Pearl S. Buck.
"A Summer's Tale," by Gerald Warner Brace (Norton).
"Cutlass Empire," by F. Van Wyck Mason (Doubleday).

General

"General Collected Poems of Siegfried Sassoon" (Viking).
"Faith and History," by Reinhold Niebuhr (Scribner's).
"Days with Bernard Shaw," by Stephen Winsten (Vanguard).
"A Mencken Chrestomathy," by H. L. Mencken.
"Cheaper by the Dozen," by Frank B. Gilbreth, Jr., & Ernestine Gilbreth Carey (Crowell).

Frederic Babcock
Chicago Tribune

Fiction

"Point of No Return," by John P. Marquand (Little, Brown).
"Prairie Avenue," by Arthur Meeker (Knopf).
"The Brave Bulls," by Tom Lea.
"No Wall So High," by Anne Powers (Bobbs-Merrill).
"Aunt Bel," by Guy McCrone (Farrar, Straus).

General

"Father of the Bride," by Edward Streeter.
"Beau James," by Gene Fowler (Viking).
"The Doctor Wears Three Faces," by Mary Bard (Lippincott).
"Cheaper by the Dozen," by Frank B. Gilbreth, Jr., and Ernestine Gilbreth Carey.
"I Wanted to Write," by Kenneth L. Roberts.

Book Editor
Christian Science Monitor

Fiction

"A Diplomatic Incident," by Judith Kelly (Houghton Mifflin).
"Prairie Avenue," by Arthur Meeker.
"A Summer's Tale," by Gerald Warner Brace.

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"Death of a Salesman," by Arthur Miller (Viking).
"Two Worlds and Their Ways," by I. Compton-Burnett

General

"Cream Hill," by Lewis Gannett.
"The Twelve Seasons," by Joseph Wood Krutch (Sloane).
"Passage to Walden," by Reginald L. Cook (Houghton Mifflin).
"A House in the Cévennes," by Jeanne Saleil.
"Complete Poems of Robert Frost."

FREDERICK YEISER
Cincinnati Enquirer

Fiction

"The Brave Bulls," by Tom Lea.
"A Summer's Tale," by Gerald Warner Brace.
"The Last Miracle," by Karl Vollmoeller (Duell).
"The Dukays," by Lajos Zilahy (Prentice-Hall).
"Point of No Return," by John P. Marquand.

General

"Sketch for a Self-Portrait," by Bernard Berenson (Pantheon).
"Their Finest Hour," by Winston S. Churchill (Houghton Mifflin).
"Journals of André Gide," Vol. 3 (Knopf).
"Literary History of the United States," edited by R. E. Spiller, *et. al.* (Macmillan).
"The Taste of Angels," by Francis Henry Taylor (Little, Brown).

FRANK O'NEILL
Cleveland News

Fiction

"Father of the Bride," by Edward Streeter.
"The Brave Bulls," by Tom Lea.
"A Diplomatic Incident," by Judith Kelly.
"The Track of the Cat," by Walter Van Tilburg Clark (Random).
"Pride's Castle," by Frank Yerby (Dial).

General

"Death of a Salesman," by Arthur Miller.
"Dickens: His Character, Comedy and Career," by Hesketh Pearson (Harper).
"Must We Hide?" by R. E. Lapp (Addison-Wesley).
"Cream Hill," by Lewis Gannett.
"The Show of Violence," by Fredric Wertham (Doubleday).

ROBERT I. SNAJDR
Cleveland Plain Dealer

Fiction

"Peace, My Daughters," by Shirley Barker (Crown).
"Father of the Bride," by Edward Streeter.
"To Be a Pilgrim," by Joyce Cary (Harper).
"The Track of the Cat," by Walter Van Tilburg Clark.
"Come Clean, My Love," by Rosemary Taylor (to be published June 20 by Crowell).

General

"The Spell of the Pacific," edited by Carl Stroven and A. Grove Day (Macmillan).
"Cream Hill," by Lewis Gannett.
"Complete Poems of Robert Frost."
"Jesse James Was My Neighbor," by Homer Croy.
"Behind the Curtain," by John Gunther.

ERNEST CADY
Columbus [Ohio] *Dispatch*

Fiction

"Fires of Spring," by James Michener (Random).
"The City of the Bees," by Frank S. Stuart (Whittlesey).
"Toward an Unknown Station," by Allan Lyon (Macmillan).
"The City Boy," by Herman Wouk (Simon & Schuster).
"The World Is Not Enough," by Zoe Oldenbourg (Pantheon).

General

"Lincoln's Herndon," by David Donald (Knopf).
"Dickens: His Character, Comedy and Career," by Hesketh Pearson.
"A Mencken Chrestomathy," by H. L. Mencken.
"Life of Conan Doyle," by John Dickson Carr (Harper).
"The Seven Storey Mountain," by Thomas Merton (Harcourt).

LON TINKLE
Dallas Morning News

Fiction

"The Brave Bulls," by Tom Lea.
"Point of No Return," by John P. Marquand.
"Kinfolk," by Pearl S. Buck.
"A Summer's Tale," by Gerald Warner Brace.
"Death of a Salesman," by Arthur Miller.

General

"Their Finest Hour," by Winston S. Churchill.
"Beau James," by Gene Fowler.
"Sixteen Self-Sketches," by G. B. Shaw (Dodd, Mead).
"The Voice of the Coyote," by J. Frank Dobie (Little, Brown).
"Dickens: His Character, Comedy and Career," by Hesketh Pearson.

CLYDE BECK
Detroit News

Fiction

"Kinfolk," by Pearl S. Buck.
"The Spear Penny," by Dorothy Davis Willette (Coward-McCann).
"Hunter's Horn," by Harriette Arnow.
"The Man Who Made Friends with Himself," by Christopher Morley (Doubleday).
"The Husband," by Natalie Anderson Scott (Dutton).

General

"The Spell of the Pacific," edited by Carl Stroven and A. Grove Day.
"I Wanted to Write," by Kenneth L. Roberts.
"Flight from Reality," by Norman Taylor.
"High Jungle," by William Beebe (Duell).
"The Twelve Seasons," by Joseph Wood Krutch.

PAUL JORDAN-SMITH
Los Angeles Times

Fiction

"Tomorrow We Reap," by James Street and James Childers (Dial).
"Hunter's Horn," by Harriette Arnow.
"Double Muscadine," by Frances Gaither (Macmillan).
"The Track of the Cat," by Walter Van Tilburg Clark.
"Nineteen Eighty-Four," by George Orwell (Harcourt).

General

"And One to Grow On," by John Gould.
"Cream Hill," by Lewis Gannett.
"Dickens: His Character, Comedy and Career," by Hesketh Pearson.
"Freedom and Renaissance," by Hardin Craig (North Carolina).
"One-Horse Farm," by Robert P. Tristram Coffin (Macmillan).

PAUL FLOWERS
Memphis Commercial Appeal

Fiction

"The Culprit Fay," by Joseph Rodman Drake (Putnam's).
"Susanna and the Elders."
"The Apocrypha."
"The Green Roller," by Roark Bradford (Harper).
"The Miller's Tale," by Geoffrey Chaucer.

General

"The Twelve Seasons," by Joseph Wood Krutch.
"Out on a Limb," by Louise Baker (Simon & Schuster).
"The American Language" and

(*Continued on page* 34)

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The Saturday Review of Literature

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In the Lion's Mouth

AMERICANS have usually accepted the attacks from Europeans on our manner of life and our lack of culture with complaisance or even with a kind of masochistic enjoyment. When the historian Guglielmo Ferrero wrote a book in 1913 to prove that we had reproduced across the Atlantic the decadence and imperialism of ancient Rome, we nodded cheerfully in agreement. When André Siegfried summed up the United States in "America Comes of Age" as a theocracy of exploitation, he had thousands of readers whose admiration for him was hardly lessened by the discovery that during the war he had been warning his countrymen against contamination by the United States. In 1929 a German mystic appeared whose arresting personality concealed the obscurantism of his philosophic system. Count Hermann Keyserling's "Travel Diary of a Philosopher" and "America Set Free" were amazingly successful, though he deliberately neglected facts that did not suit his conceptions.

Toward visiting Britishers who found America not to their liking we have in the past turned a woeful countenance, like a child who has been slapped by his aunt. Dickens did not like our manners or our spittoons; he found our Congressmen ridiculous boors, and he left us indignant and hurt, a nation ready to burst into tears. Over the years we have become used to the distaste with which our British cousins have viewed our republic, but somehow it now fails to distress us; instead, it piques our curiosity. The obvious anti-American bias of many of England's political and editorial writers seems to be exaggerated and absurd when they suggest that the Marshall Plan and the Atlantic Pact are only the clever devices of imperialists or financiers to bolster up our own economy by forcing some measure of prosperity on Western Europe. But apart from politics we are taking with good humor the assaults on us by British writers who are paying us an extended visit. We have our own satirists who also find Hollywood absurd and who appear to dislike even more than the English almost every aspect of American life.

According to Stephen Spender there would be a mass migration of European intellectuals over here if it were not for the language difficulty. Since British writers have expressed their fear of what they have learned of America from our own writers it would seem to be the last place in the world where they would want to live. "What exercises us," writes V. S. Pritchett, an English critic, "is that we may be drifting into the American way of life." Europeans, he adds, "have the paradoxical hope" that American writing will keep them from it, as if it was a kind of inoculation against a disease that is prevalent only in this country. Surely this is the oddest idea that has ever emerged from the mind of an English man of letters. In a backhanded way it pays the highest compliment to the influence abroad of American novelists; indeed, Mr. Pritchett says that American literature "has been the one invigorating and positive influence in Europe since the war." Since any American in his right senses would welcome to our shores any English writer of talent, even on the assumption that we might have to pay for it, it would appear that our writers who are frightening away all but the hardiest of them are doing us a disservice.

In an article in *Horizon*, perhaps the best of English literary magazines, Stephen Spender approaches this theme in another inverted way. He regards America as "the great lonely continent of the expatriates," meaning, we trust, intellectually lonely; for we are now rubbing elbows with each other in our cities to such an extent that no one can be alone. Europe has an intellectual life, it seems, in which people can be aware of themselves and each other. But suppose that this civilized state of intellectual communion should turn into a self-awareness "of a purpose that has gone out of life, an illusion that is lost"; in other words, into an awareness that there was nothing of which a man might be aware. So then, Mr. Spender's theme runs, he should be forced to turn from this state of frustration to the great lonely continent of America, where apparently he would only have exchanged one state of nothingness for another. But Mr. Spender saves himself from this philosophical absurdity by saying that isolation is the only tolerable state for "the individual whose motives in creating and constructing are of an heroic arbitrariness." If this should come about, so that innumerable Europeans, including the English, refused to believe any longer in the mission of civilization, America would be faced by the grim prospect of supporting communities of intellectuals meditating their terrifying thoughts in the blessed unawareness of anything that is going on around them, but nevertheless creating with heroic arbitrariness. Man has created many "utopias," but nothing like this since Bernard Shaw pictured his ancients in "Back to Methusaleh."

THE influence of American literature on these and other distinguished Englishmen seems to have extinguished their sense of humor and shattered their wits. In a less portentous way, our influence was revealed in the recent attempt of the London *Sunday Times* to stop the publication of an American best seller, Norman Mailer's "The Naked and the Dead." The *Sunday Times* stated that no decent man would leave it lying about the house or know without shame that this womenfolk were reading it. This pronouncement led to a highly un-British battle between critics, and to considerable public ribaldry. The "Let's Be Beastly to Mailer" campaign ended, as any American could have foretold, with an immediate sell-out of the first edition and to a statement by Sir Hartley Shawcross, Attorney-General, phrased in terms almost identical to those of American judges. "Looking at it as a whole I do not think it is likely to lead to any result other than disgust at its contents."

On reflection, there would seem to be no way for the British and the European intellectuals out of these strange dilemmas which American literature and the American democracy have brought upon them. They might of course stop by edict the publishing or reading of our books. They might decide to send over here men who would take a long and reasonable look at the United States. Otherwise, we will, it is to be feared, have to endure attracting and repelling them at the same time.

—H. S.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Disgruntled Postman

SIR: Could you change your mailing date? I'm a letter carrier. The *SRL* subscribers on my route seem to receive the magazine on Friday, which is my day off, so I am forced to borrow it from the public library, often weeks late and usually torn and dog-eared. A most unhappy situation, you will admit.

JAMES E. REUTER.

Baltimore, Md.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *A year's subscription to* SRL *may be purchased for only* $6.

Roots and Nationalism

SIR: In his article "The Case Against Roots" [*SRL* May 21] Wyndham Lewis confuses "rootedness" with nationalism, claiming it to be antonymous with cosmopolitanism and world brotherhood. As one of the "rooted boys" I cannot allow Mr. Lewis's contentions to go unchallenged, however praiseworthy his motives.

The phenomenon of rootedness is not opposed to world consciousness, as he reiterates over and over again. To be attached to one small portion of the earth's surface by accident of birth is not to forsake the rest of the world. To appreciate and understand one small segment of the world's people is not to dislike or hate the balance of mankind. To be concerned with and proud of one's own culture is not to minimize or discredit other cultures. Whatever a man's background and the *degree* of his rootedness, a man's character answers for his humanity or lack of it.

The uniting of all men entails more than a vicarious enjoyment of crowded polyglot cities; "tumbleweedism," which Mr. Lewis is privileged to practise, is not likely to become a world cult, so long as man must provide for his own needs and transportation is not free. But no matter, a prescription for travel is a weak remedy indeed for curing a bad case of politics—just as weak in fact as an attack on rootedness seems as a basis for a plea for brotherhood.

JOHN M. SCHEALER.

Boyertown, Pa.

SIR: St. Augustine, at Hippo in North Africa, about the year 426 B.C., wrote his "De Civitate Dei" in a time very like our own; but I doubt very much whether Wyndam Lewis would have encouragement for his ideas in "The City of God."

Tennyson, in prophetic vision, saw not only the heaven filled with shouting, but also that period in human history when there would be "a single race, a single tongue." But he, unlike Wyndham Lewis, did not leave human love out of the picture. And where love is there must ever be the sense of obligation.

Let us get rid of the weeds of nationalism, localism, racial pride, by all means. Let us pull them up by the roots. But do not let us imagine foolishly that there ever will come a time when we are not, to a greater or lesser degree, our brother's keeper. "Thy neighbor as thyself" is still good doctrine, spread it wide enough.

REV. HARRY TAYLOR.

Jennings Lodge, Ore.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Herr Beethoven says that he is too deaf to hear your new composition, and to thank you for reminding him that his affliction is not always a handicap."

Slight Error

SIR: Even as did the never-erring editors of *Life,* so have you mis-captioned the picture on page 17 of your May 28 issue. The correct names of the characters therein are, from left to right, Hadden, Luce, and William H. Hopkins, who was not *Time*'s printer in its Cleveland publishing days. He was, rather, city manager of Cleveland, and the photo obviously was one of those prestige shots seemingly so necessary to new-born publications. The presses in the picture were those of the Penton Publishing Co. and literally *Time*'s printer. So maybe, on second thought, you're still right.

CHARLES M. SCHLOSS.

New York, N. Y.

Our Unforgiven C.O.'s

SIR: Although it is incidental in Dore Schary's article on "Censorship and Stereotypes" [*SRL* April 30], I feel the erroneous statement in the last paragraph should be corrected and brought to the attention of your readers, the large majority of whom are probably just as ignorant on this point as he.

Mr. Schary says: "When a war is over we forgive our conscientious objectors. . . ." This is far from the truth under the present incumbent in the White House. Although he pardoned the vote-getting mayor of Boston who was serving a term in a federal penitentiary, he has scorned to follow the precedent set by some of his predecessors and has refused to grant amnesty to the conscientious objectors who had been imprisoned. They are felons in the sight of the law and in many cases have lost their civil rights. Not only have these men not been granted amnesty but more are being sent to prison at the present time. The current draft law insists on their taking an oath that they believe in the kind of God that Congress gives lip service to. Since many of them cannot honestly take such an oath they are sentenced to prison. It doesn't look much like forgiveness to me.

HELEN S. EATON.

Braintree, Mass.

Dissent Over Homosexuals

SIR: Your altruistic correspondent Martin S. Curtler [LETTERS, June 4], who goes to bat on behalf of our homosexuals, dwells upon "the awareness of prejudice that they must have constantly felt" and says, "Even if they were careful to hide this 'idiosyncrasy' . . . and thus encounter little active hostility directed against them personally, the awareness I refer to was always present in their consciousness." Has he ever met with one of these unfortunates who wasn't positively vainglorious over his practice and who hadn't a well-developed superiority complex which is only paralleled in the excessive vanity of the average dwarf? Probably a compensatory disposition of Providence. But the only ones who make any effort to conceal their condition are those whose livelihood would be jeopardized by the overt flauntings of the general.

LAMBERT FAIRCHILD.

New York, N. Y.

"Loathsome Ideas"

SIR: Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., has a great deal of value in his "The Right to Loathsome Ideas" [*SRL* May 14], but to one who can't yet decide whether Communists should be allowed to teach or not there are still some confusing points which need to be faced.

Perhaps the foremost of these is

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the assumption that in university education, as Mr. Schlesinger paraphrases Norman Thomas, "you have a presumably mature student exposed, not to one, but to five or six teachers; you have in short an operating facsimile of Justice Holmes's famous market-place of ideas." I was graduated from a first-rate college but a year ago and my dominant impression is that college students, especially during the first three years, are anything but mature. Professor Schlesinger, if his teaching has been concerned with undergraduates, must surely have frequent occasion to lament the immaturity of his charges' intellects—or at least of their convictions.

Aside from the natural immaturity of undergraduates, there is the additional consideration that few people today of any age have a definite, satisfying philosophy of life which can serve as somewhat of a screen for sifting the currents of thought directed at them in the universities. I would say we are lucky if the student has a sound philosophy by the time he graduates, let alone at the time he enters college. And in the absence of such convictions, on what basis is he mature enough to decide on his own the truth or falsity of the Communist doctrine as it is skilfully presented by his supposed intellectual guide, the teacher? Is the student prepared to battle on equal grounds the enemy of his beliefs? I doubt it.

MICHAEL D. REAGAN.

Westport, Conn.

Breakable Jade

SIR: In TRADE WINDS April 16, you published a report of my lecture visit to Bartlesville, Okla. Your correspondent says that I was met at "the station" by a "committee." This is not true. I arrived there by automobile, driven by Mrs. Custer, who sponsored my lecture. There was no "committee." Indeed, there is not one fact that is correct in the twelve and a half lines referring to me. Only one sentence is half true. I am accused of saying, "Kindly bear in mind that I am not a chattel, but a piece of precious jade that must be handled as breakable." I had been on the train for many days and I was weary. But what is so pathetic is that I was trying to be funny . . . and apparently I failed.

HECTOR BOLITHO.

London, Eng.

Apian Moods

SIR: Harrison Smith in his review of Philip Wylie's "Opus 21" [*SRL* May 21] refers to the reader jumping up dangerously from his chair as if he had sat down in a swarm of *angry* bees. What I would like to know is if it would be less dangerous if the reader had sat down in a swarm of *happy* bees.

H. H. TRICE.

Miami, Fla.

Kipling and H. G. Wells

SIR: Referring to Claire Holcomb's "The S-F Phenomenon in Literature" [*SRL* May 28], it has long astonished me that no one has pointed out the similarity between Kipling's "Aerial Board of Control" in "With the Night Mail" and "As Easy as ABC" (the latter published in 1912) and H. G. Wells's "Air Dictatorship" in his "The Shape of Things to Come," specifically Section Five, Third Book, page 277 *et seq.* in the original American publication (1933).

One is tempted to suspect that Wells had read "As Easy as ABC" and had "forgotten" it. The resemblance between the two handlings of ABC "dictatorship" seems too close to be accidental. The chief difference is in the emphasis that Kipling placed on "invasion of privacy," a matter of great importance to him, but apparently non-existent for Wells, at least as well as one can judge from "Experiment in Autobiography."

J. DAVIS REICHARD, M. D.

Staten Island, N. Y.

Pygmalion and Galatea

SIR: The letter of Henry Noble MacCracken [*SRL* May 28] aroused nuances of feeling best described as certain gradations of amusement and interest, and brought forth, strongest of all, a third ingredient, something akin to nostalgia. I was one of the "Sheff" men, in about the year 1914, who thronged the "fireside talk" in Byers Hall given by Professor MacCracken just before he left Yale to go to Vassar. He has lost none of his old touch. The enchanting twist which he has at the end of his letter smacks of O. Henry.

Of course, it should be remembered that Bernard Shaw was both ingenious and ingenuous when he named his play "Pygmalion." Its title alone indicates a much further going back than Doctor of Medicine Smollett's story of "Peregrine Pickle." It undoubtedly was the *studied* "long arm of coincidence" which caused Shaw to portray a character reminiscent of the King of Cyprus, who, after fashioning the image of Galatea, fell in love with it and finally besought Venus to give it life. Schiller's poem also depicts the transition from frozen marble to a breathing, living, beautiful maiden. One might also wonder whether the author of "Roderick Random" and "Peregrine Pickle" had the ancient myth of Pygmalion in mind when he wrote his story, but as John Dewey's oft-repeated insistence has it, a sequence is not necessarily a consequence. You very aptly call it a "coincidence."

DANIEL F. LEVY, M.D.

New Haven, Conn.

In Favor of Storeys

SIR: In referring to certain portions of the Fifth Avenue Bank [*SRL* May 28] Mr. Bennett Cerf writes of "upper storeys" actually spelling the plural of "story" with an "e." This entitles him—or your proofreaders—to an honorable mention. I can stand a good story—even a good first story—, but second "storys" and upper "storys" and the like get into print so often that it comes with refreshing surprise to see this much-misspelled word correct this time. Congratulations.

J. LEWIS FENNER.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Circumcision and Lysenkoism

SIR: One of your correspondents writes: "Acquired characteristics inherited? The Jews have been circumcising their children for four thousand years. A child born circumcised has yet to be heard of." But is circumcision a characteristic *acquired* by the body? On the contrary, it is imposed from without, not acquired from within.

A. BOTHWELL.

Stamford, Conn.

On Foreign Quotations

SIR: It is not particularly the mark of a scholar to load down a book in English with quotations from all other languages in the world. A real scholar ought to be able to write his book entirely in English—translating the foreign quotes he feels impelled to use. If he cannot himself translate them, or is himself too lazy to translate them, or perhaps enjoys the titillated egoism of a book screaming around the world that he is a big-shot linguist, there is, of course, nothing that can be done. But if a man is intellectually honest and seriously crusading to establish his valuable ideas, he will not leave his appeal half safe. If he, with the integrity of one deeply interested in his cause, stops to consider, he will know that many who read his book will never even bother with the foreign quotes and, of course, it is taken for granted that those quotations are supposed to be worth reading.

H. H. LIPPINCOTT, CMDR., USN.

Morristown, N. J.

"Tell the Folks Back Home"

SIR: *SRL* must be proud indeed of it's editor's speech "Tell the Folks Back Home" [*SRL* April 9]. When I first described it to people they began to borrow my copy and pass it around. Enthusiasm spread. There came so many requests that copies had to be mimeographed. It will bring countless new subscribers, undoubtedly, for it is what the people want and mean. It is what they hope to have their spokesmen say.

FRIDA NIELSEN.

San Diego, Calif.

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(*Continued from page 14*)

and preparing a vast military machine. It was in the light of all this that American policy, from Greek-Turkish aid to the Atlantic Pact, was shaped. Our citizens are not now going to be more noticeably reassured by being quoted certain temperate statements from Marx than would the American Indians have been by being read *in toto* the treatises of John Locke.

The book will either be conspicuously ignored or violently denounced. A better approach would be to judge it for what it is: the work of a professor of philosophy who has gotten rather badly mixed up in the fields of politics and international affairs.

Bigger Nation-State?

WESTERN UNION. By Andrew and Frances Boyd. Washington: Public Affairs Press. 183 *pp.* $3.

By STRINGFELLOW BARR

THIS book is a brief, convenient compendium of the salient facts about Western Union, the movement towards a common federal government for Western Europe. Its appendices include speeches, treaties, and other documents that bear on that movement. It summarizes the postwar plight of Europe: the economic disaster which was Hitler's legacy, the East-West split, the German question, and the colonial tangle. It traces the slow growth, through the centuries, of Europe's longing for unity. It sketches present unifying factors, such as ERP and Benelux. It discusses the plans and policies of various organizations that are fighting for union.

This story is told without much insight, but it is such an exciting story that it has produced an interesting book. That the book falls so far below books like "The West at Bay," by Barbara Ward, can be easily explained. The Boyds are no more convinced than Miss Ward is that Western Europe must form a government without Russia. They are no more convinced than she is that Russian totalitarianism is wrong. They are as aware as she is that Europe shares none of America's faith in capitalism. That they lack her hard-bitten economic analysis is excusable. What is not excusable is their apparent unawareness that many of their premises are matters for argument.

The East-West split, for example, is "Stalin's achievement." Surely

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James P. Warburg has exploded that myth—and without congratulating the Russians on their behavior either. The force of anti-European feeling in the colonial areas is not assessed. But this feeling is one of the stark facts that statesmanship faces. The European Recovery Program is dealt with uncritically. American readers, at least, need to know the ways in which it is being criticized by intelligent Europeans who are neither pro-Russian nor anti-American. Mr. Churchill's campaign for Western Union is swallowed pretty much whole.

The authors of "Western Union" have a right to conclude that Russia is chiefly to blame for the cold war; that backward peoples still require supervision; that ERP is soundly based, and that Mr. Churchill is right. But they seem unaware of the many good reasons for rejecting or modifying these views. This unawareness robs their book of depth and context. One may usefully take Miss Ward again as an example. She rejects the Russian solution of our problems, and gives cogent reasons for doing so. But she is attentive to Russian arguments, so that she knows what she is rejecting. "Western Union" overlooks arguments rather than meeting them. Its authors seem not to have heard them yet.

The effect of the book is therefore to make one wonder whether Western Union is indeed the step towards world government its advocates claim it is, or whether it is the parochialism of the nation-state writ more large, in a world where parochialism becomes more dangerous with each succeeding year.

Dovetailing the Globe

IDEOLOGICAL DIFFERENCES AND WORLD ORDER. Edited by F. S. C. Northrop. New Haven: Yale University Press. 486 *pp.* $4.50.

By August Heckscher

THE attempts to create political unity in the world are necessarily superficial and doomed at best to a partial success so long as ideological differences continue unexamined and unreconciled. The extent and variety of these differences are sometimes forgotten. The average member of Western society is amazingly insular, being blind not only to systems of value and thought on far continents, but insensitive to deviations within his own culture. As for any true comprehension of these ideologies, or any feeling for the ways in which they may be harmonized, the average man is totally at a loss.

The present volume makes a brave and massive attack upon the "certain blindness" which we all share. Edited by Professor Northrop, whose own epochal study has contributed to an understanding between East and West, it is written by many hands. No single author, indeed, could have had the knowledge to penetrate all the fields discussed, far less the insight to grasp their inner meanings and harmonies. Beginning with the eloquent statement of Dean Pound on the possibility of a new Jus Gentium, the volume deals with the philosophies at the root of Chinese society and painting, of classical Western and Gothic art, of aspects of Latin American and Russian civilization. It proceeds to a discussion of the cultural values of which the New Deal, the British Labor Government, and contemporary French literature are, among others, the expression.

But this study is not merely an encyclopedic treatment of diverse ideological systems. It wants to suggest, as well, the means by which what is basic in these ideologies can be refined by criticism and purified by knowledge and brought into a closer relationship. Are social and cultural phenomena determined inexorably by objective, material factors? Or are they in some measurable degree the product of conscious ideas? "Once it is realized," writes Professor Northrop, "that ideas are relevant to social and cultural institutions and events and that the ideas of men can be altered by men themselves, then the way is opened for placing the fate of men . . . back in their own hands." Accordingly, the second part of the book emphasizes the methods used by scientists and scholars in analyzing any given culture: the role they assign, as economists, sociologists, psychologists, etc., to ideological and non-ideological considerations.

If no one man could have written the book, few will pretend that they can wholly master it. Certainly this reviewer cannot pretend to have done so. And yet a certain elusiveness, a residue of the inexplicable and unplumbed, is not by itself objectionable in a book. On the contrary, it gives it an air of great value. The present volume, indeed, is a good example of the satisfaction which the ordinary reader can derive from a book which was not written expressly for him, and has not been simplified or thinned. Reading it slowly, he finds his mind being rather rudely stretched, and putting it down from time to time he finds that the experience has been unexpectedly rewarding.

August Heckscher, a former member of the faculty of Yale University, is an editorial writer for the New York Herald Tribune. *He is the author of "A Pattern of Politics."*

Building Unity

FOUNDATIONS FOR WORLD ORDER. Addresses by Ernest L. Woodward, J. Robert Oppenheimer, Edward H. Carr, William E. Rappard, Robert M. Hutchins, Francis B. Sayre, and Edward M. Earle. Denver: University of Denver Press. 174 *pp.* $3.

By Joseph P. Lash

WE GENERALLY shy away from books with "world order" in their titles. We have the uneasy feeling that the slogan "world government now" may be as little related to the realities of securing peace in this postwar period as the Oxford Oath movement "not to fight for King or country" was to stopping war in the mid-Thirties. The ardent crusade that has developed around world government testifies more to our hunger for a faith to live by than it does to the validity of the solutions which are offered to overcome the bitter clash of economic and political systems.

It was an agreeable surprise, therefore, to discover that this book, which binds together a series of addresses delivered under the auspices of the Social Science Foundation of the University of Denver, approaches the problem of world unity with scholarship, urbanity, and a minimum of utopianism.

The series was organized so that

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each paper would deal with a different phase of building world unity. The political, scientific, moral, economic, constitutional, and power phases of world order are handled by a group of men who combine scholarly distinction with practical achievement.

At first glance there seems to be little meeting of minds on what measures should save priority in achieving world order. At one end is Dr. Robert M. Hutchins affirming the world federalist viewpoint, "World government is necessary, and therefore possible . . . tinkering with the United Nations will not help us . . . an entirely different constitutional foundation is required." At the other end is Edward Mead Earle dealing with national power and world order and asserting that "we have not yet dealt successfully with the problem of competitive national power," and that, dismal as the necessity is, we must confront "Soviet power with our own power."

Despite this important divergence over what steps should come first, there is considerable unanimity among these distinguished contributors that the minimum foundations of world order must include freedom from discrimination and freedom from want. This is stated with particular forcefulness by Dr. Hutchins and Professor Carr.

For this reviewer the most interesting contribution was E. H. Carr's discussion of the role of morality in international politics. A major obstacle to the development of an international morality, he points out, is the assumption "that one's own conception of the good is identical with the good itself, and can and should therefore be imposed on others." The abandonment of national self-righteousness is a prime necessity in the building of world unity. It seems like eminent good sense on the eve of Communist assumption of power over all China and the full recovery of Western Europe.

It is clear now that world order is not going to be established either in the image of American free enterprise or of Russian proletarianism. A viable world organization must assume that for a long time to come there will be a great many differing and often competing political and economic systems existing side by side.

Whether such a world organization would differ significantly from the much abused United Nations is a matter of debate.

Joseph P. Lash is author of "Iron Curtain for the Mind," a pamphlet on recent ideological trends in USSR.

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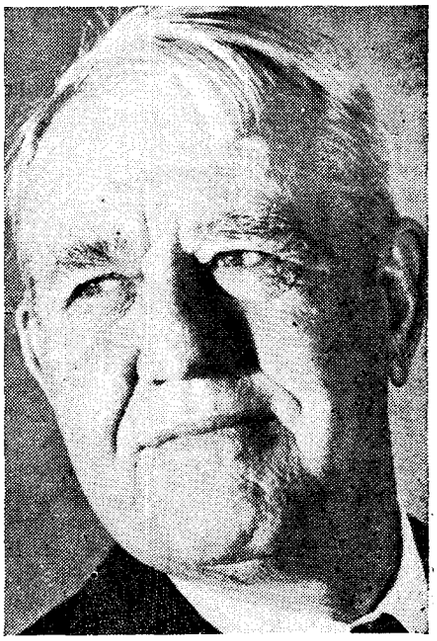
Americana. *Where does the American West begin? Back in the eighteenth century the West started at the Alleghenies. By the Civil War, it was the Mississippi and beyond. Later, Denver advertised itself as "the place where the West begins." Clearly, to Americans the West is a state of mind—the land beyond the horizon that offers fabulous opportunity to the ambitious and the hardy; in this sense, Alaska is today's West. Five of the new books reviewed below illumine the story of America's West, including Frank Dobie's report on our "most fascinating wild quadruped," E. A. Richards's memoir of her life in Alaska, Idwal Jones's beguiling account of California grape-raising, Harry W. Higman's and Earl J. Larrison's biography of a seldom-sung Washington State mountain, and W. C. Kennedy's reminiscence of life in St. Louis.*



J. Frank Dobie, "the cowman, who just can't help preferring coyotes to sheep."

Lullaby of the Little Wolf

THE VOICE OF THE COYOTE. By J. Frank Dobie. New York: Little, Brown & Co. 386 pp. $4.

By Stanley Vestal

J. FRANK DOBIE is so well known for his admirable works on Western life and folklore that another volume from his pen is sure of a warm welcome. This time the author has gathered a wealth of material about the most fascinating wild quadruped in North America, the coyote. The book represents not only a life-long interest in the beast, but wide and comprehensive research both in the library and great outdoors. Mr. Dobie was born and has spent most of his life in coyote country and many a time has been sung to sleep in his bed roll by the strange music of the little wolf.

It is the voice of the animal which first arouses a man's curiosity; hence the title of Mr. Dobie's book. Beginning with the voice he leads us through seventeen chapters, each dealing with some phase of coyote life. He has drawn heavily on the lore of the trapper, the hunter, and the naturalist, but also on the research of biologists, ecologists, and other scientists, not forgetting the great body of Indian and Mexican accounts, myths, and legends concerning the animal. For the coyote impressed the redskin and his Mexican cousin as much, if not more, than he has the white man. Mr. Dobie has here a subject made to his hand. He wisely prefers to tell most of his stories in his own way and his own words. Thus the book is no mere compilation, but a running account spiced with personal comments—not always germane to the subject.

Animal lovers will like this book, so sympathetic with wild life. Yet it may not prove an unmitigated blessing to the species it portrays. Though the author lays his curse in no uncertain terms on the wanton murder of wild creatures, his book offers in fact a practical manual for all who wish to shoot, trap, or poison coyotes—almost every method known to man is explained in detail.

Coyotes, we learn, are omnivorous and much less predatory than is commonly believed. Thousands and thousands of coyote stomachs have been examined by scientists, and here Mr. Dobie is on firm ground. But he holds that fact alone is not enough to explain Señor Coyote. What people believe and think about the animal seems quite as important, and so the book contains a variety of stories—some convincing, some doubtful, and others unashamed tall tales. For the coyote—an individualist, an original, a fantastic creature—is no recluse to hide his biography under a bushel. He therefore cannot be disassociated from man and remain whole.

Mr. Dobie compares the coyote to the European fox and, like the medieval Reynard, Mr. Dobie's coyote is sometimes made the vehicle for political and economic theories. It seems droll that Mr. Dobie, who in this book repeatedly sneers in so many words at free enterprise and the American way of life, should choose to write so sympathetically of the one American animal which above all others exemplifies Western rugged individualism.

A great many other animals enter the book as friends, enemies, or victims of the coyote. In short, here is a feast for nature lovers. His readers will rejoice to find that Dobie is still Dobie, the cowman, who just can't help preferring coyotes to sheep. Though he draws coyote stories from as far north as Alaska, he is naturally at his best in Texas and Old Mexico. There is much wisdom in what he has to say about the balance of nature and the service which the coyote performs for man.

The book is handsomely illustrated in black and white by Olaus J. Murie, and the notes gathered in the appendix according to chapters constitute a most interesting bibliography.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 312

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 312 will be found in the next issue.

PGKAMXECFKK HK GC

QSCGOFCB BQ NQXBA,

PXB G SFRSQGLA BQ

QET GZF.—GSHKBQBEF

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 311

The vain man makes a merit of misfortune, and triumphs in his disgrace.

—W. Hazlitt.
—Characteristics.

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Igloo Lessons

ARCTIC MOOD. By Eva Alvey Richards. Caldwell, Idaho: The Caxton Printers. 282 *pp.* $4.

By Richard L. Neuberger

ALBERT EINSTEIN would find his ideas on relativity confirmed by one delightful passage in this book by a woman who taught in a native village beyond the Arctic Circle.

By the middle of March the temperature in Wainwright, just southeast of Point Barrow, had risen to four below zero. This would put a New Yorker in bed with extra comforters. But to the little Eskimo children, after the brutal Northern winter, four below was warm. Suddenly they had spring fever. Recess periods had to be lengthened. The youngsters had little time for books when the weather outside the classroom was an inviting four below!

The period described in this book was 1924 and 1925. Mrs. Richards had a remarkable experience. She treated the hurts of the primitive Eskimo people and consoled their mental wounds, too. She was the midwife at many births. More than once she slept on the fur-heaped floor of igloos, when seven or eight men and women who had not bathed since August occupied an area of nine square feet.

The frontier teacher was fascinated by the most treasured toy of her wards. This was an embryo taken from the abdominal cavity of a slain female seal. The frozen seal embryo made an excellent sled. It would last until thawing time in July, when it would be made into boot linings if the children had not worn off all the hair sliding down icy drifts.

The most useful adaptation of this work would be to read it to children. Mrs. Richards has a devoted affection for the Eskimo tykes whom she taught to read and write and to know about the mysterious outside world. This affection shines through the book. We see that the children of Wainwright have all the capacity for mischief, brilliance, and neuroses of their U. S. brothers and sisters.

Because the setting of Mrs. Richards's Arctic odyssey was a generation ago, it is unfortunate she has not included some analysis of what has happened in the Wainwright region since she left there. We should like to discover what happened when the U. S. Navy drilled for oil, when the Eskimos were organized for guerrilla warfare to stand off the Japanese invader, and when the natives were asked to buy U. S. savings bonds.

This is part of the Wainwright story, too.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

OH, HAPPY, HAPPY WEDDING DAY!

Mary Malone, of Trenton, N. J., offers nine quotations from well-known novels which describe the heroines' appearance on the wedding day. Allowing five points if you can name the bride, and another five if you can also name either the author who created her or the title of the book in which she appeared, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers are on page 30.

1. Emma's dress, too long, trailed on the ground; from time to time she stopped to pull it up and delicately, with gloved hands, picked off the coarse grass and the thistledowns while Charles waited.
2. A chaste and perfect column draped in satin as pure as the wax of the tapers on the altar.
3. A robed and veiled figure, so unlike my usual self that it seemed almost the image of a stranger.
4. Neither silk, lace nor orange-flowers would she have; her sisters braided up her pretty hair, and the only ornaments she wore were the lilies-of-the-valley.
5. My darling's dress was of pure white, clouded with faint lavender, and as simple as need be, except for perfect loveliness.
6. Her bride's bouquet of three huge magnolia blossoms, still clutched in one hand, sent up waves of perfume which the wide brim of her white straw hat seemed to pocket and hold in her face.
7. All in gold, with a beautiful bouquet of chrysanthemums, she was attended by four ladies of the college, all neat and ladylike in appearance.
8. When, at last, they stood together to be married, her confiding little hand in his, and her downcast lashes throwing thick black crescents on her pink cheeks, he still did not know how it all came about.
9. The bride was dressed in a brown silk pelisse and wore a straw bonnet with a pink ribbon; over the bonnet she had a veil of white chantilly lace, a gift from Mr. Joseph Sedley, her brother.

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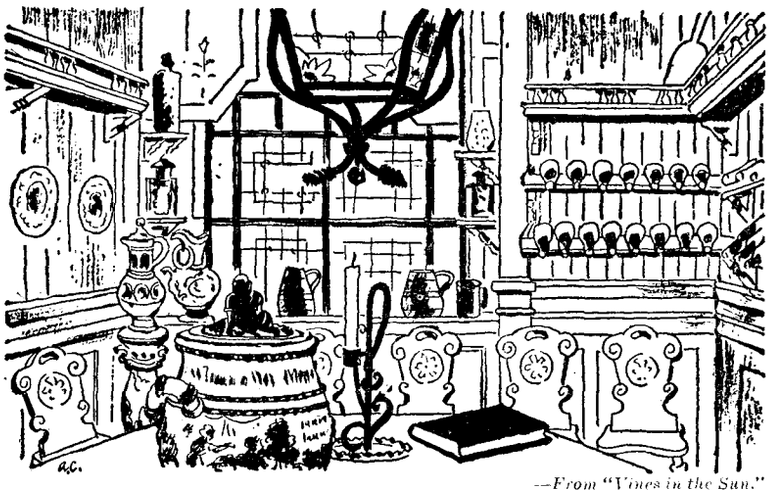

—From "Vines in the Sun."

"Tasting Room, Inglenook Winery."

The Gladdening Grape

VINES IN THE SUN. By Idwal Jones. New York: William Morrow & Co. 253 pp. $3.50.

By Robert G. Cleland

IDWAL JONES has his own peculiar niche in California letters. He is novelist, essayist, unorthodox historian, folklorist, raconteur. He delights in the hidden and forgotten, the inviting bypath rather than the thickly traveled highway. The subject of this book was made to order for his special genius. He knows and loves wines and vineyards, vintners, and vineyardists. To him grape husbandry and the fermentation of the fruit of the vine are not a business but a divine inheritance, perhaps the finest and most important of the arts.

"Vines in the Sun" is a leisurely, learned, and discursive tour of the grape-growing districts of California —from the small hillside patches of vines of the far north to the 5,000 acres of grapes, "the largest single vineyard in the world," planted by Secondo Guasti and his family on the hot Cucamongo Plains at the base of the San Bernardino Mountains.

When Idwal Jones speaks of wines and their making he speaks as a connoisseur to connoisseurs, as the high priest of a sacred, almost mystic cult to other priests. Much of his book was never written for anything so irrelevant as the hoi polloi, the ignorant mob to whom wine is wine, the rude Philistines of gross, barbaric taste.

But "Vines in the Sun" is not alone a subtle, highly-refined treatise on the California grape, which all the initiate will welcome. Because of its wealth of anecdote, character sketches, and rare descriptions of scenes and places, it is a fascinating book even for the layman. If imagination seems at times to run beyond plodding fact and historical allusion rest on questionable foundation, who is the poorer? The tale at least is good.

Here one will find proverbs from Burgundy and the Hindu, tales of the '49, reference to the Great Diamond Hoax, the story of Paderewski's ranch at Paso Robles, and the hold-up staged by Chris Buckley, the "Blind Boss" of San Francisco, to save his crumbling political control.

Here, too, one may read of the vine "that is happier on the Santa Cruz Mountains, where it can shiver in the night fog"; of "a rivulet that expires in summer but in spring rushes in lively fashion and fills the gully with gusts of sound"; of Paul Masson, the Burgundian, last of the baronial vineyardists of California, and of Alexander Duval, who spent a million dollars to create a dynasty for his daughter at Chateau Bellevue in Livermore Valley, only to have the Infanta run away with her tutor so that her father never found trace of her again and presently died; and of Agoston Haraszthy, Indian fighter, sheriff, assayer, and refiner at the U. S. mint in San Francisco, often called the father of the commercial wine industry of California.

"Vines in the Sun" is a book of the present, that looks also to the future and even more to California's full, rich, irrecoverable past. Idwal Jones writes best of places and people that belong to yesterday. "'I don't know who they are,' said the woman. 'There's nobody around that remembers them any more. It was so long ago'."

Robert G. Cleland is a member of the research staff of the Henry E. Huntington Library, San Marino, California.

The Mount They Love

PILCHUCK: The Life of a Mountain. By Harry W. Higman and Earl J. Larrison. Seattle: Superior Publishing Co. 288 pp. $3.50.

By Richard L. Neuberger

MOUNT PILCHUCK is no Everest or McKinley. It is not even a Rainier or Lassen. In the State of Washington, a realm of imposing glacial summits, Pilchuck's 5,000-foot nob is somewhat less than conspicuous. It gets featured in no tourist advertisements, nor does it qualify for top booking in its own county. All around Pilchuck are peaks which cast a shadow across it. Baker and Shuksan, for example, double its modest height. But to two young naturalists in Seattle, forty miles away, Pilchuck is no ordinary mountain. For them it has personification. Each ridge and fir grove and canyon is a facet of Pilchuck's mood. The marmot on a ledge belongs to Pilchuck; so does the kingfisher on a bough or the winter wren in the sky.

This book is the biography of a mountain—Pilchuck. To the authors it is as unique and individual among mountains as Walden was among ponds to Thoreau. Indeed, this short volume has some of the flavor of "Walden." While lacking Thoreau's knowledge of the human spirit, these men see in the grunting frogs and the waving hackberry bushes some of the same symbolism which inspired "Walden."

Nor did Higman and Larrison lose a sense of continuity with the pioneers for whom the wilderness of the Northwest had had a similar meaning. They carried onto Pilchuck's ramparts the journals of David Douglas, the frontier naturalist for whom the majestic Douglas fir tree is named. And they annotated where Pilchuck's fickle characteristics either sustained or challenged Douglas's conclusions.

At first, Pilchuck seemed lonely and inhospitable to these men from Seattle, a city of half a million. But soon its teeming life came to hold more friendliness than the cold multitudes of the metropolis. For six years Higman and Larrison studied Pilchuck. They came to know the soft pad of a particular cougar or coyote. The shape of a cloud, clinging to Pilchuck's roof like a tattered pennant, told them whether the next morning would be bright or stormy. "The more time we spend on Pilchuck," they write, "the more we have lost the thought of its simplicity and the more impressed we are with its well-nigh inexplicable complexity."

The authors have failed to make

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the most of some of their truly dramatic material about Pilchuck's animal, bird, and reptile kingdom. But they also have resisted the temptation, common to many novices, of overwriting. For this reason the book is easy to read. One can almost feel the imperceptible temperature changes, as Higman and Larrison ascend from Pilchuck's base at muggy sea level to the sub-Arctic frost of the mile-high summit. For the amateur naturalist, fascinated by the outdoors and the denizens of the outdoors, their book will be a rare find. It is one of the best and most original *fauna* and *flora* volumes ever done about the Pacific Northwest, a region often neglected in this respect. Furthermore, "Pilchuck" attests to the intelligent and original publishing job being performed by the new Superior Company out along the sundown rim of the continent.

Americana Notes

PERSIMMON HILL: A Narrative of Old St. Louis and the Far West, by William Clark Kennerly as told to Elizabeth Russell. University of Oklahoma Press. $3.75. St. Louis may now seem an opaque, prosaic city, but in its early Franco-American days as the chief entrepôt of the Western fur trade it was one of the most colorful towns in the world. This delightful if rambling volume of reminiscences treats of it in the years of its glory. The author was nephew, by marriage, of General William Clark, of Lewis and Clark fame; son of a Virginian who in 1813-21 managed the shipment of goods and furs between the frontier forts and St. Louis; and grandson of the French physician Dr. Antoine Saugrain, who, coming to America in 1787 with a letter to Franklin, soon settled in Missouri. Kennerly saw St. Louis shoot up into a wealthy little city under the sun of the fur profits. He often watched Clark receive deputations of Indians; knew Daniel Boone's son Nathan; was a friend of the son of Charbonneau and Sacajawea; watched Stephen Watts Kearny court his bride; sat at dinner with Clay, Webster, and Benton, and fought with Doniphan's Missourians in the Mexican War. Finally, he took part on the Confederate side in the conflict between the states. Surviving until 1912, he dictated these reminiscences of a rich life to his daughter. The book is a valuable addition to Western memoirs. Missourians in particular will find it enchanting. Not the least remarkable part is Kennerly's journal of his tour across the plains to Yellowstone in 1843 with that mighty hunter William Drummond.

MANCHESTER ON THE MERRIMACK, by Grace Holbrook Blood. Lew A. Cummings Co., Manchester, N. H. $3. Conceived, written, illustrated, and published by citizens of the community it celebrates, this book traces the rise, decline, and regeneration of an historic industrial town. For nearly a hundred years the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company, incorporated in 1831, made Manchester a famous textile center. Then the 1930's brought depression, heavy losses, and a disastrous flood. The company was wrecked and Manchester stood on the verge of catastrophe. How the businessmen of the city rallied, formed the Amoskeag Industries, bought out the bankrupt corporation, and planted 120 business enterprises in the old mill buildings, is a story that Mrs. Blood tells without detail or documentation, but with spirit.

DIARY OF INDEPENDENCE HALL, by Harold Donaldson Eberlein and Cortlandt Van Dyke Hubbard. Lippincott. $3.50. The old State House in Philadelphia, with Andrew Hamilton in charge of construction, came into existence in 1736. That autumn the Provincial Assembly met there; the next year an Eastern Emir, the Sidi Sheik, was entertained within its walls; and before long Indian chiefs were doing a friendly war dance (an "exhibition piece") in the council chamber. For a time it was one of the centers of manifestations of loyalty to the crown. Then it became the birthplace of the new nation, and furnished the hall where the greatest of written constitutions was framed. Here, later still, the Congress of the United States sat, and Matthew Lyon spit tobacco juice in Congressman Griswold's face. The authors of this book have made the most of an original idea. Using a great variety of sources—memoirs, letters, histories, and, not least, newspapers—they have reconstructed all the great or picturesque scenes which were enacted in what we now cherish as Independence Hall; scenes central to the careers of Penn's Province, of Revolutionary America, and of the new nation. The book, full of entertainment, offers also not a little new historical material of real weight.

FIRST LADIES 1789-1865: *A Study of the Wives of the Early Presidents, by Mary Ormsby Whitton. Hastings House.* $5. Several of the wives of the Presidents—Abigail Adams, Dolly Madison, Mary Todd Lincoln—have had books devoted to them; others have been ignored. Indeed, several are but shadows. Hannah Van Buren, Rachel Jackson, Anna Harrison, and

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The
Lifeblood
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OIL!

TITAN
OF THE
SOUTHWEST

by

Carl Coke Rister

OIL!...that builds cities and destroys men . . . that runs the machines of war and turns the wheels of peace. Here is the whole story of the growth of an empire that started with a rheumatism remedy. Today oil is a billion dollar industry, and the Southwest produces 70 per cent of America's petroleum.

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Jane Pierce are mere names. Yet Mary Ormsby Whitton has no difficulty in showing that all these women possessed interesting personalities—even the amiable Hannah, who spoke Dutch in her Kinderhook home, and the devoted Jane, a stricken woman from the moment her only son perished in a railway wreck before her very eyes. Anna Harrison deserves the title of "matriarch of the new Northwest" here bestowed on her, while, as we all know, Henry Clay thought that Sarah Childess Polk's administration of the White House was much more successful than her husband's. As for Abigail Fillmore, she did a great deal to make her husband, and there is ground for believing her the better man of the two. This volume is written in popular vein, but it shows patient work in such sources as are available, and it brings out of the shadows some figures worth remembering.

GUNS ON THE WESTERN WATERS, by H. Allen Gosnell. Louisiana State University Press. $6.50. Uncle Sam's web feet, as Lincoln called the Western gunboats, have yet to find a thorough historian. Meanwhile this well-composed selection from various books on their exploits will furnish a passable substitute. Amphibious operations began on the Tennessee and Cumberland with the reduction of Forts Henry and Donelson. Later the Mississippi became the scene of a ceaseless patrol, which soon blockaded the main body of the Confederacy on the West, while the Red River was a theatre for some gallant fighting. Mr. Gosnell, a former Naval officer, has made a good selection from memoirs, newspaper stories, and histories. The liveliest writer represented is David D. Porter, but some of the observers with Commodore Foote, Farragut, and Ellet wrote excellent narratives. Most readers will be astonished to learn that one fleet action actually took place on the Western waters—and the Confederates won it.

MILWAUKEE: The History of a City, by Bayard Still. State Historical Society of Wisconsin. $6. This is a good deal more than another history of a hustling city. Milwaukee was long the most distinctively German-American city in the country; it was the city of Victor Berger and Socialist rule; and despite its popular association with malt liquors, it was and is one of the great metals and machinery centers of the nation. Most city histories fasten on politics and stop with the penultimate generation. Dr. Still deals at length with patterns of culture and even more thoroughly with economic life, while he brings his book down to the present. Today the Polish Milwaukee (120,000 out of 600,000 people) is nearly as strong as the German Milwaukee; but the prevailing Europeanism of the nineteenth century has been supplanted by a prevailing Americanism. The problems of today are the problems of industrialism, not the hyphen. In matters of civic spirit and interest in the arts Milwaukee, like Cincinnati, has a lot to teach cities of more Yankee stock. —ALLAN NEVINS.

THE DEVIL'S TRAMPING GROUND AND OTHER NORTH CAROLINA MYSTERIES, by John Harden. University of North Carolina Press. $3. This is an engaging little collection of unsolved (and occasionally of solved) puzzles that had their origins in North Carolina, but some of which may have ended, if they ever did, Lord knows where. They cover the whole period of the state's history, from the Lost Colony on Roanoke Island to the disappearance of Major Roland R. Clark of Fort Bragg no longer ago than 1944. Some of them are of more than local fame—the vanishing of Theodosia Burr, for instance, and the identity of the mysterious schoolmaster of Rowan County (was he really Marshal Ney?)—but the others are equally good reading, perhaps even better reading for being unfamiliar to the outlander. Why are certain of the Big Smokies (and not the tallest, by any means) treeless? What are the Brown Mountain lights? (Mr. Harden tells you just where to watch for them.) Who put a rifle ball squarely between the eyes of Polly Williams, the most famous race horse of her day? What are the explanations of the Devil's Tramping Ground and of the Magic Horse Tracks? And who killed beautiful Nell Cropsey, the Brooklyn girl who moved to Elizabeth City in 1898? Was it the man who served eighteen years in prison for the crime and then—but these are Mr. Harden's stories. It is worth noting they were originally told over the air by Station WPTF in Raleigh. They indicate the regional possibilities of radio. —JOHN T. WINTERICH.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Emma Bovary, in "Madame Bovary," by Gustave Flaubert. 2. Hopestill, in "Boston Adventure," by Jean Stafford. 3. "Jane Eyre," by Charlotte Brontë. 4. Meg, in "Little Women," by Louisa M. Alcott. 5. "Lorna Doone," by R. D. Blackmore. 6. Verity Martin, in "A Lion Is in the Streets," by Adria Locke Langley. 7. Harriet Vane, in "Busman's Honeymoon," by Dorothy Sayers. 8. Scarlett O'Hara, in "Gone with the Wind," by Margaret Mitchell. 9. Amelia Sedley, in "Vanity Fair," by William M. Thackeray.

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of the original Maugham dialogue and characters and adding a poignant quality.

Sherriff's screen directions seem occasionally naive, as when, in "The Alien Corn" for George's piano-playing scene, he says, "Some device will have to be used here to give an artistic impression of time-lapse." At another point, he suggests: "Shoot American version without the word 'damned,' substituting 'extremely'." Again, he has Colonel Peregrine—stuffy, but nevertheless an obvious man of the world—ask his mistress what cocktail she's drinking when anybody can see it's not a whiskey sour.

Russell Rhodes is the motion-picture editor and critic of The Journal of Commerce.

Beak-Busting Business

I'LL BE RIGHT HOME, MA. By Henry Denker. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 278 pp. $2.75.

By Robert Mende

MOST fight writing seems to follow a pattern. On the road to success, the fighter meets two women. One woman is kind, understanding. She wants her man to quit the beak-busting business. She'll guide him along the road that leads into the sunshine. The second woman is usually a luscious detour. Which road will the fighter choose? This supplies the conflict.

Fortunately, Mr. Denker in his book "I'll Be Right Home, Ma" has avoided these clichés. True, he has one kind, understanding girl who waits and worries, but the luscious detour is missing. For conflict, Mr. Denker equips his fighter, Danny Callahan, with a built-in neurosis.

Danny, a slum kid of fifteen, is viciously beating up another boy. A fight manager, Packy Cohen, happens to be passing by. He sees in Danny a basic ingredient that goes into making a champion—the killer instinct. Packy trains him, matches him. Danny develops enough power in his right arm to kill with one punch, and he kills. He steadily comes up the road that leads to the championship. But all the time, something is gnawing inside of him. It makes him afraid and drives him to kill. He can't show love to the girl he loves. This mental condition keeps eating away at him until he becomes physically paralyzed.

He finally frees himself from his neurosis by hitting his mother in the mouth with a right.

There's plenty of drama in "I'll Be Right Home, Ma." Mr. Denker is a good craftsman. His novel is fast-paced, very readable, but his characterizations are regrettable. The author creates "characters" instead of people. His portrayals of Danny, his mother, Packy Cohen, Lucy, the girl who loves, waits, and worries, are superficial. A character like Mr. Denker's Doctor O'Leary, who is a mixture of ninety per cent alcohol and ten per cent wisdom, and who, on a crucial occasion sobers up to perform a therapeutic miracle, has been done many times in the movies with more insight into the character of the doctor than Mr. Denker brings.

The author says life in the slums is miserable. That's true. But he says it in the same way it's been said before. If Mr. Denker could have maintained a freshness of insight—as when he has Packy say, describing tenement life, "You breathe air only after the cars get done using it"—it would have been a more moving novel. As it is, the author has our sympathy, but not our emotions.

Despite these weaknesses, readers are in for a treat. Mr. Denker gives you a season pass to the realities of the boxing world. There are millions of fight fans in America; but only a few that are in the fight game, or have friends that are connected with the game, know the details of the rottenness and greed that go into it. After reading "I'll Be Right Home, Ma" you become one of the few who are in the know. Mr. Denker's account of how to bleed and blind a guy, of how boxing commissioners conduct a hearing on a fighter who's been killed in the ring, may tempt you to return the season pass to the author. But it's Mr. Denker's insight into the "sport," that makes "I'll Be Right Home, Ma" worth reading.

STAGE

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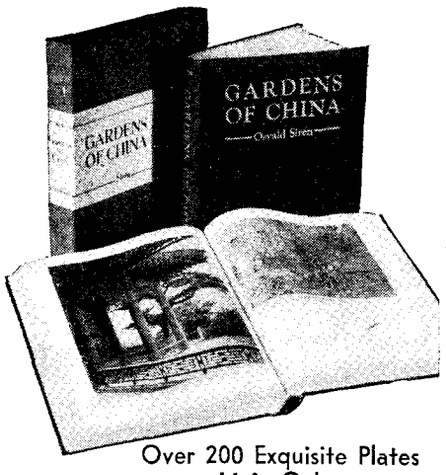

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Fiction Notes

THE WELL OF THE PAST, by Charles Norman. Doubleday. $2.75. A young poet remembers his soul's search for wisdom and for accomplishment. From New York to South America and finally to Paris the mirage beckons. Nothing in love or in art is gained, but the reader is wonderfully well served by these fancies.

Incisively, wittily, often with acid penetration, Mr. Norman does in poseurs and professions. His brief excursion into the Poetry Society is sheer delight. There is brilliance in his vision of the vastly successful poet T. Kirke Arthur and a cunning overexposure of an exalted critic. New York bars, Paris cafes, and academic halls here and abroad blend vividly with scenes of home, bohemian balls in Webster Hall, and boudoir interludes. Life is made up of "the artists who make and the rest of the world who unmake." Tenderly disposed towards the artist, the poet pays tribute to true teaching and to the necessary dream. Clearly conceived, unashamedly dedicated, ringing with satire.

THE SUNLESS SEA, by Stanley Burnshaw. Dial Press. $2.50. Judge Wilbraham, officially retired, is pleased to preside, to investigate, and to administer justice in his own carefully concealed hideaway. What he arrives at is confused with symbolism and defiance. His ways are ways of mystery and all his paths are chaos. Take Huxley, stir well, mix with Giraudoux, and you have a suet upside-down "Madwoman of Chaillot."

It seems a not-too-ill-advised ape spat on beautiful, rich Margaret as she sneeringly surveyed him in the zoo. She and the beast thereafter disappear to what turns out to be her "Heaven Haven," an underground cave. Presumably she is safe here from surface anxieties, from atoms and financial irritations. What is more, she can give full play to her primitive passions. Her husband, her lawyer, and her business partner take the stand to prove her whereabouts. It is accepted, whether dream or reality.

These things are decidedly better ordered in France. If we cannot read behind or between the lines, at least we deserve pungency.

LOVE AFFAIR, by Eleanor Farjeon. Macmillan. $2.50. Sip this liqueur slowly, relish its present sweetness, for the after-taste is bitter as gall. Bitter and lingering, yet undeniably from the vineyards of France. Where else can one find such a mixture—romanticism, realism, innocence, and an awakening ending in despair?

A fragmentary impressionist sketchbook lights the spark for this lacy idyll. Actually Miss Farjeon has brought into being Manet's study of straightbacked respectability topped by a hideous hat. Naturally love does the trick. Order is disturbed. Bohemianism troubles middle-class ethics. The stiff governess gives up her job, supports her lover in a sylvan hideaway, yields entirely to him, and loses him. Her last remaining francs send him and his new love to Paris. She has no recourse but to turn homeward. Independence, passion, and the dream vanish! This is a latticed love affair done in successful stage sets. Miss Farjeon frames scene after shining scene, adroitly destroying the illusion she has created. She sees darkening shadows behind the shimmering canvas. Her glance is skilful and uncompromising.

THE GREYHOUND IN THE LEASH, by Joyce Horner. Doubleday. $3. Here is something strictly for the ladies. In thesis, in treatment, and in emphasis the feminine attitude prevails. Albeit undeniably flattering to the masculine conception of indispensability, this revaluation of matrimonial opportunities represents a distinct sewing-circle interest. Men will impatiently rustle their papers, while wives attentively drop their knitting. It is time, says thirty-five-year-old English spinster librarian Evelina Grant, to take stock, to face "now" as opposed to what might have been. Three lives proffered, three rejected, add up to no regret. A steady, stupid upper-bracket mill-owner, a volcanic poet-dreamer disdainful of security, and a pedantic professor of English make up the altar-bound entries. The backward glance does none of them any good.

Miss Horner contrasts her men and their milieus cleverly, unsparingly, sometimes tenderly. But she joyously gives plenty of place in the sun to independent Evelina. Ten rousing cheers for the career.

PLANTATION SHADOWS, by Eleanor Fox Ponder. Pelican. $3. These are very dim shadows indeed. The moss of the old Southland has seldom hung heavier or more impenetrably. It is almost as if Mrs. Ponder has set out to pillory the creaking crinoline for all time. But she hasn't. Her vague hymn is fervent, dated, and abysmally genteel.

In disorganized fragments we get the story of the Mississippi Foxworths. Blue bloods, proud plantation owners facing deprivation and hostilely inflicted poverty, they stake

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—*From the jacket of "Love Affair."*

their all on their "lil miss." Beautiful Gloria, a magnolia Elsie Dinsmore, emerges as the pride of the family. Valedictorian of her class, she ensnares students, professors, and circuit-riding rectors. Lovers wander far afield, the First World War intrudes, but all is bright at long last until the "Smilin' Through" fadeout of death to the united. Throughout, characters are apt "to exclaim in unison," or "to softly intone," but the prepositions are in the right place and the little finger is bent at an oh-so-refined angle.

PRIDE'S CASTLE, by Frank Yerby. Dial Press. $3. A tycoon's life is by no means a happy one. There are strikes to be settled, riots to be quelled, markets to be cornered, and empires to be built. Blood is shed, too, while the rags-to-riches trek zooms right along from shanty-town to a castle on upper Fifth Avenue. Equipped with brawn, craft, and contemporary ruthlessness, these wizards of Wall Street take pleasure in pillage, the while seeking solace with the weaker sex.

Mr. Yerby's hero differs only in that his wife's tawdriness contrasts shamelessly with the pure, innocent adulation of his paramour. An illegitimate child, an utterly extraneous adopted urchin, and one or two over-eager opponents set the stage for capitalist cavortings. Yachts ride at anchor, jungle law holds sway, as coins tinkle and the colossal becomes the creed. An appropriate, albeit probably characteristic, vulgarity pervades this expression of nineteenth-century tastelessness.

BUT THE MORNING WILL COME, by Cid Ricketts Sumner. Bobbs-Merrill. $3. Mrs. Sumner records dark doing in the traditional South and succeeds in guarding a secret with an adequate feeling of foreboding. Ingrained reactionary thinking is entirely reversed by so-called radicalism. The skeleton must come out of the closet. Only facing up to a fact can unchain the fearfully enslaved.

An unsuspecting poor but beautiful local village girl marries the proud heir of the town's big house. Pillared privilege maintained by slaves is threatened by the repellent heritage of miscegenation. How little it matters is the final cause for rejoicing, as the sinister scion fatally succumbs to a heart attack and his bride is free to marry a nearby liberal. The air is purged of prejudice. The threat is removed. A thesis on the side of tolerance not put to the test. Zoned for accurate atmosphere.

—CATHERINE MEREDITH BROWN.

LOVERS AREN'T COMPANY, by Monica Sterling. Little, Brown. $2.50. It hardly seems possible that this Monica Sterling is the same person who wrote the story "The Exiles" in the May *Atlantic Monthly*, a story mellow, well imagined, and effective, the greatest possible contrast to this confused, inept, under-done novel.

Whether Monica Sterling wrote the novel first, and so worked out of her amateur lack of story-grasp, or whether her ability to keep the material and characters of a short story in hand, with a single and sensitive effect was well within the range of her ability, cannot be told by a reader of both. Perhaps the effort to expand into a novel her obvious love of Italy, her feeling for its rare landscapes, her love of its war-harried adults, over-developed children, her understanding of Italy's confusion, the black market, and so on strained too much her narrative grasp.

It is unfortunate, because in this scattered tale of an American woman of Italian descent and her orphaned niece, discovered after the war in Italy, there is the shadow of a real idea and the sense of much experienced emotion. The fact is that she was not able to think her emotions and impressions and experiences through to a point which would give up a story. The love affair of the woman with the impossible movie-hero Italian wanders off without much relation to the child's curious experiences with black-market people. There is no sense of point anywhere, even in the title. There is no narrative suspense until the middle of the book and then it is not sufficient to gather in again the reader's exasperated attention.

Unfortunately, too, Monica Sterling had not enough dealings, at this time, with a good healthy blue-pencil. Just what is the responsibility of a publisher toward a novel in which he feels promise, I think, had not been sufficiently argued. The writer undoubtedly shows ability in her *Atlantic* story. Why could not a good editor have pointed out to her the recurring, monotonous phrases that deaden her style?

—MARJORY STONEMAN DOUGLAS.

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WHAT TO READ THIS SUMMER

(Continued from page 19)

Supplements I and II, by H. L. Mencken (Knopf).
"Natural History of Nonsense," by Bergen Evans (Knopf).
"World Almanac."

FAITH R. JACKSON
Miami Herald

Fiction

"Sons of Noah," by Negley Farson (Harcourt).
"Hunter's Horn," by Harriette Arnow.
"Watch the Northwind Rise," by Robert Graves (Creative Age).
"The Heat of the Day," by Elizabeth Bowen (Knopf).
"Elephant and Castle," by R. C. Hutchinson (Rinehart).

General

"Cream Hill," by Lewis Gannett.
"The Twelve Seasons," by Joseph Wood Krutch.
"Cheaper by the Dozen," by Frank B. Gilbreth, Jr., and Ernestine Gilbreth Carey.
"And One to Grow On," by John Gould.
"Over the Reefs and Far Away," by Robert Gibbings (Dutton).

H. RUSSELL AUSTIN
Milwaukee Journal

Fiction

"The Brave Bulls," by Tom Lea.
"Nineteen Eighty-Four," by George Orwell.
"The Devil's Own Dear Son," by James Branch Cabell (Farrar, Straus).
"Point of No Return," by John P. Marquand.
"No Wall So High," by Anne Powers (Bobbs-Merrill).

General

"Dickens: His Character Comedy and Career," by Hesketh Pearson.
"Beau James," by Gene Fowler.
"Over the Reefs and Far Away," by Robert Gibbings.
"And One to Grow On," by John Gould.
"The Show of Violence," by Fredric Wertham.

JOHN K. SHERMAN
Minneapolis Star & Tribune

Fiction

"The Lottery," by Shirley Jackson (Farrar, Straus).
"Nineteen Eighty-Four," by George Orwell.
"The Man Who Made Friends with Himself," by Christopher Morley.
"The Penal Colony," by Franz Kafka (Schocken).
"Deep West," by Ernest Haycox (Pocket Books).

General

"Into an Old Room," by Peter de Polnay (Creative Age).
"Death of a Salesman," by Arthur Miller.
"Dickens: His Character, Comedy and Career," by Hesketh Pearson.
"Beaumarchais," by Georges Lemaitre (Knopf).
"The Aspirin Age," edited by Isabel Leighton (to be published in August by Simon & Schuster).

MARY STAHLMAN DOUGLAS
Nashville Banner

Fiction

"Cutlass Empire," by Van Wyck Mason.
"The Springs," by Anne Goodwin Winslow (Knopf).
"The Trembling Years," by Elsie Oakes Barber (Macmillan).
"No Wall So High," by Anne Powers.
"Arabella," by Georgette Heyer (Putnam's).

General

"The Twelve Seasons," by Joseph Wood Krutch.
"Father of the Bride," by Edward Streeter.
"With Much Love," by Anne Green (Harcourt).
"Over the Reefs and Far Away," by Robert Gibbings.
"Cheaper by the Dozen," by Frank B. Gilbreth, Jr., & Ernestine Gilbreth Carey.

MAX HERZBERG
Newark [N. J.] *Evening and Sunday News*

Fiction

"The Big Secret," by Merle Colby (Viking).
"Father of the Bride," by Edward Streeter.
"The Brave Bulls," by Tom Lea.
"The Man Who Made Friends with Himself," by Christopher Morley.
"Cutlass Empire," by F. Van Wyck Mason.

General

"High Jungle," by William Beebe.
"Dickens: His Character, Comedy and Career," by Hesketh Pearson.
"The Spell of the Pacific," edited by Carl Stroven and A. Grove Day.
"Beau James," by Gene Fowler.
"Beaumarchais," by Georges Lemaitre.

ELISE BEAUCHAMP
New Orleans Times-Picayune

Fiction

"The Man Who Made Friends with Himself," by Christopher Morley.
"The Doctor Wears Three Faces," by Mary Bard.
"The Husband," by Natalie Anderson Scott.
"To Be a Pilgrim," by Joyce Cary.
"Spell of the Pacific," edited by Carl Stroven and A. Grove Day.

General

"The Twelve Seasons," by Joseph Wood Krutch.

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"High Jungle," by William Beebe.
"Cream Hill," by Lewis Gannett.
"With a Feather on My Nose," by Billie Burke and Cameron Shipp (Appleton).
"The Greener Grass," by Berton Rouché (Harper).

ROBERT MINTON
New York World-Telegram

Fiction

"The Brave Bulls," by Tom Lea.
"O, Huge Angel," by Howard Baer (Roy).
"Olivia," by Olivia (Sloane).
"Devil in the Flesh," by Raymond Radiguet (Harrison Smith).
"Nausea," by Jean Paul-Sartre (New Directions).

General

"Cream Hill," by Lewis Gannett.
"Dickens: His Character, Comedy and Career," by Hesketh Pearson.
"Poets and Storytellers," by David Cecil (Macmillian).
"American Freedom and Catholic Power," by Paul Blanshard (Beacon).
"Trained for Genius," by Douglas Goldring (Dutton).

VICTOR P. HASS
Omaha World-Herald

Fiction

"The Track of the Cat," by Walter Van Tilburg Clark.
"Hunter's Horn," by Harriette Arnow.
"Beulah Land," by H. L. Davis (Morrow).
"Song of the Susquehanna," by Herbert T. Stover (Dodd, Mead).
"Lucifer with a Book," by John Horne Burns (Harper).

General

"Cream Hill," by Lewis Gannett.
"Life of Emerson," by Ralph L. Rusk (Scribner's).
"I Wanted to Write," by Kenneth L. Roberts.
"The Great Outdoors," edited by Joe Godfrey, Jr., and Frank Dufresne (Whittlesey).
"And One to Grow On," by John Gould.

JOHN D. PAULUS
Pittsburgh Press

Fiction

"Legend of a Lady," by Robert Hardy Andrews (Coward-McCann).
"Alien Land," by Willard Savoy (Dutton).
"The Slender Reed," by H. H. Lynde (Crown).
"Dinner at Antoine's," by Frances Parkinson Keyes (Messner).
"And Then You Came," by Ann Bridge (Macmillan).

General

"Beau James," by Gene Fowler.
"The Black Hills," by Robert J. Casey.
"A Corner of the World," by Robert Shaplen (Knopf).

"Lincoln's Secretary," by Helen Nicolay (Longmans).
"Franklin Roosevelt at Hyde Park," by Olin Dows (American Artists Group).

SUZANNE MARTIN
Seattle Post-Intelligencer

Fiction

"Prevalence of Witches," by Aubrey Menen (Scribner's).
"Opus 21," by Philip Wylie.
"Ceremony of Innocence," by Elizabeth Charlotte Webster (Harcourt).
"Descent Into Hell," by Charles Williams (Pellegrini & Cudahy).
"Message from a Stranger," by Marya Mannes (Viking).

General

"A Mencken Chrestomathy," by H. L. Mencken.
"The Oblong Blur," by Philip J. Hamburger (Farrar, Straus).
"Japan Diary," by Mark Gayn (Sloane).
"Letters of Marcel Proust," (Random).
"Father of the Bride," by Edward Streeter.

THOMAS B. SHERMAN
St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Fiction

"The Track of the Cat," by Walter Van Tilburg Clark.
"Father of the Bride," by Edward Streeter.
"The Last Miracle," by Karl Vollmoeller.
"The Brave Bulls," by Tom Lea.
"Sons of Noah," by Negley Farson.

General

"Bernard Shaw Through the Camera," edited by F. E. Loewenstein (Baker & Taylor).
"And One to Grow On," by John Gould.
"Day of Judgment," by David Cushman Coyle (Harper).
"The Voice of the Coyote," by J. Frank Dobie.
"Over the Reefs and Far Away," by Robert Gibbings.

CARTER BROOKE JONES
Washington Evening Star

Fiction

"The Track of the Cat," by Walter Van Tilburg Clark.
"The Happy Tree," by Sheila Kaye-Smith (Harper).
"The Last Miracle," by Karl Vollmoeller.
"Cutlass Empire," by Van Wyck Mason.
"The Devil's Own Dear Son," by James Branch Cabell.

General

"Beaumarchais," by Georges Lemaitre.
"Report on America," by Robert Payne (John Day).
"The Histrionic Mr. Poe," by N. Bryllion Fagan (Johns Hopkins).
"Beau James," by Gene Fowler.
"The Best of Times," by Ludwig Bemelmans (Viking).

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BOOKED for TRAVEL

"WATER ON THE BRAIN"

THIS being June, a month of love and honeysuckle, we've been gathering a portfolio of information about Niagara Falls, the lovers' lodestone between New York and Eastern Ontario. Niagara Falls, N. Y., and Niagara Falls, Ont., face each other across the Niagara River. New York's Niagara is the larger city, but for a full-face view of the falls, you'll have to cross over into Canada. Looking at the cataracts from the American side is like trying to get a view of your house from your own living-room window.

All the excess water of the upper Great Lakes accumulates at Niagara, and splashes over two cliffs 160 feet high. Day and night, year after year, the flow amounts to 1,500,000 gallons every second. In manageable figures that's enough water to hand a glassful to every other person in the world once every minute.

The passageway through which the Niagara River runs on its way to Lake Ontario was worn into a gorge over a period of some 35,000 years. Every year another five feet is filed off the falls, and the gorge becomes five feet longer. Sometimes, as in the case of the rockslide of January 1931, the front of the falls collapses in wholesale pieces. There is no reason to hurry, however, inasmuch as scientists figure the falls won't eat their way back to Lake Erie for another 20,000 years.

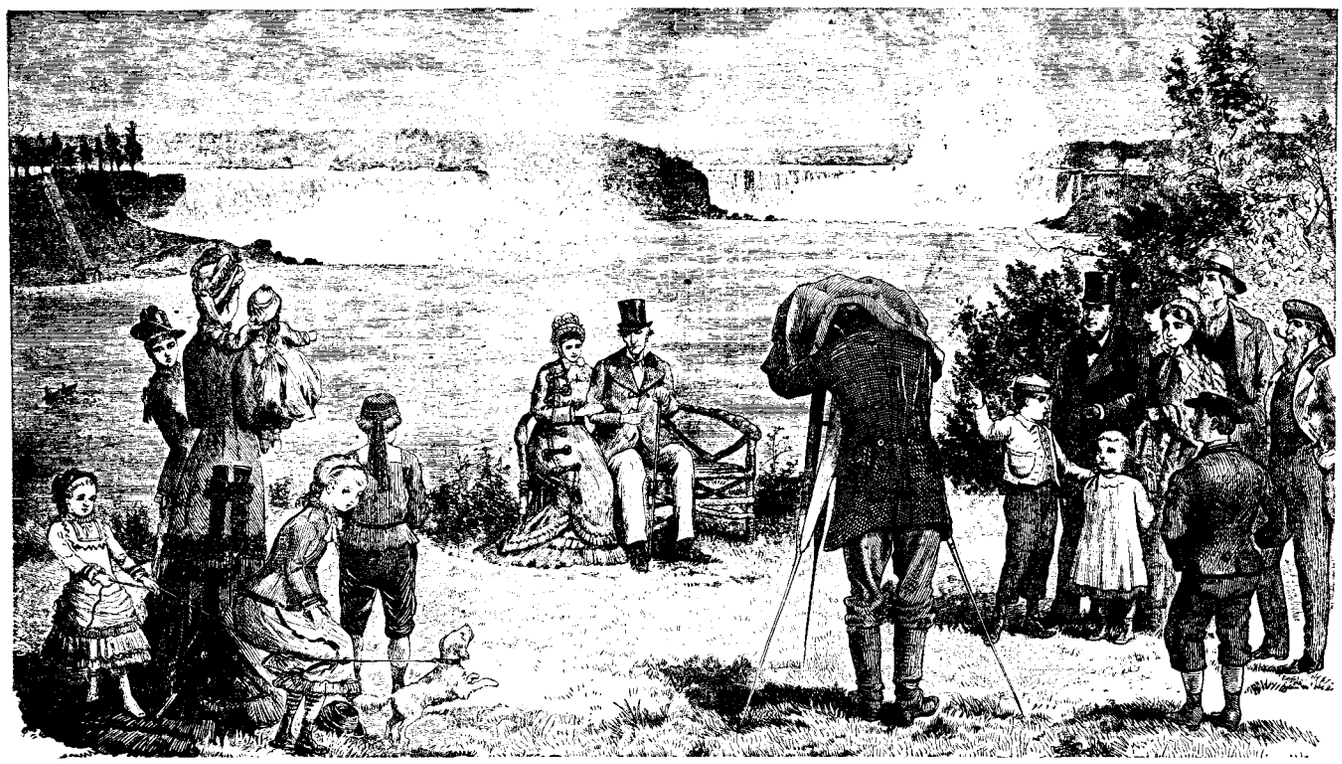
Even if you've never been to Niagara, word must have reached you that there are two sets of falls. The American Falls are 1,400 feet across, and drop 162 feet, and the Horseshoe Falls, part Canadian and part American, measure 2,600 feet around the horseshoe, and drop 155 feet. Every night in the year a battery of twenty-four searchlights in Queen Victoria Park on the Canadian side throws a billion and a third candlepower in colored lights on the cascading waters.

Doubtless the most romantic spot to view the spectacle is the Rainbow Room high atop the General Brock Hotel, where every table has a view of both falls. King George VI and Queen Elizabeth were given a banquet at the Rainbow Room in 1939, and that night occupied suites 906, 907, and 908. New tower suites were added to the top of the General Brock a year ago Easter. Each tower suite has a terrace and picture windows which permit guests a view of the falls without ever leaving their room, a handy arrangement in Niagara.

One of the pleasantest places to eat on a warm day is the open-air terrace of the Park Restaurant just opposite the falls. While lunching under the broad awning you can watch yellow-clad figures, like platoons of Martians, apparently walking right under the American Falls. They are tourists visiting the Cave of the Winds, which as a tourist attraction is nothing if not unique. In the dressing rooms on Goat Island you buy a ticket and exchange your clothes for a cotton suit, fabric slippers, and yellow oilskins. An elevator, descending through 174 feet of solid rock at the same rate as the falls drop into the river, takes you to the river level. From there a guide leads the way over a network of catwalks into the teeth of the spray as it bounces up from the base of the falls. Maybe that's the hard way to escape heat prostration, but in summer it *is* twenty-degrees cooler under Niagara Falls.

Unless you want to seal yourself in a barrel and go tumbling over the top, the closest you can get to the Canadian falls is aboard the steamer called *Maid of the Mist*, which churns its way up to the Horseshoe several times a day loaded to the gunwhales with sightseers.

The *Maid* is named for a beautiful but vacillating Indian girl who couldn't bring herself to decide between two suitors. The competing braves met in combat, and when one battler had been mortally wounded she realized—ah, too late—that it was he whom she had truly loved all along. When her love staggered to her and died in her arms she was overcome with grief. Jumping into a



—*Culver Service.*

Niagara Falls—"... enough water to hand a glassful to every other person in the world once every minute."

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handy canoe, she paddled herself over the falls to be dashed to oblivion. Now if you look into the mist at the base of the falls, they say you can see the Indian girl reaching up after her dead lover in exquisite supplication. You have to have 20/20 vision, and of course it should be a clear day.

—HORACE SUTTON.

TRAVELERS' TALES

GUMP'S TREASURE TRADE, by Carol Green Wilson. Crowell. $5. Gump's is a San Francisco art house which has become as much a center for sightseeing tourists as it is a center for trade. Mrs. Wilson writes the story of Gump's, a house known for the Oriental, the exotic, and the unusual, in the form of a biography of A. L. Gump. Nearly blind from the age of eleven, A. L., second-generation member of the art-dealing Gumps, had weathered three crashes when he established Gump's as a store of international repute. He died in 1947. A. L.'s successful commercial life and sad private life, while of interest to art connoisseurs, is written as an untechnical, popular biography, and suffers only slightly from the artificial construction of a few quotes.

IT'S AN OLD CAPE COD CUSTOM, by Edwin V. Mitchell. Vanguard. $3. If I'm keeping the box score correctly this is the fifth entry in the American Custom Series. Since there has also been an endless string of books on the Cape's lore—including the eminent work of Thoreau—everyone ought to know by now that the land grows cranberries, people live in Cape Cod houses, and everybody's blood is mixed with sea water. In 1829 Provincetown had 1,800 inhabitants and one horse. When the horse was hitched to a wagon one seaminded youth was surprised to see how straight the wagon could be driven without a rudder. There is interesting news about antiques, the Cape's Indians, and the mooncussers —local landbound pirates who posted false lights and induced ships to founder on the reefs.

WASHINGTON: CITY OF DESTINY, by Alice Rogers Hager and Jackie Martin. Macmillan. $3.50. This big picture book enriched with short accompanying text is not only a travel book and a souvenir, but a painless lesson in civics for any student. Most of the photographs were taken by Jackie Martin when she was on the staff of the *Washington Times Herald*. The workings of Washington, therefore, are pictured in the terms of embassy parties, the Eisenhowers, living Senators, and Washington hostess Pearl Bailey.

SWITZERLAND, edited by Dore Ogrizek and J. G. Rufenacht. Whittlesey House. $5. Thirteen writers, seventeen artists, two coordinators, a translator, and two editors have combined talents to produce this second book in the World in Color Series. The first, "France, Paris, and the Provinces," which came out last year carried beautiful illustrations but suffered perceptibly from a vague translation. The text of Switzerland deals agreeably with the historical and geographical background of the land, depending upon fine color illustrations and an occasional anecdote to keep things light. The local gastronomy is dealt with rather carefully, and there is some news of the winter sports situation, alpinism, and fishing. About all that is left out is specific data about restaurants and hotels, rather significant intelligence, it seems to me.

Circle in Red

A list of events the world over, compiled mostly from "What's Doing in 1949," by M. B. Schnapper, Public Affairs Press, $2.

July 1-9 National Iced Tea Week
July 4-10 National Marbles Championships
July 21 Loyal Temperance Union Day
July 23-30 Save the Horse Week
July 26 Liberia's Independence Day
July 28 Auction of wild ponies at Chincoteague, Va.
Aug. 1-6 Welsh National Eisteddfod
Aug. 20 Jousting tournament at Natural Chimneys, Va.
Aug. 27 2,500th birthday of Confucius
Aug. 30 56th anniversary of the birth of Huey P. Long (Louisiana legal holiday)
Sept. 1 Thirtieth anniversary of Unitarian Laymen's League
Sept. 1-30 Child Foot Health Month
Sept. 9 Bulgaria's Liberty Day
Sept. 11-17 National Tie Week
Sept. 15 Felt Hat Day
Sept. 16 Cherokee Strip Day in Oklahoma
Sept. 30 103rd anniversary of the first use of ether
Oct. 12 Vijayadashami Day (in Nepal)
Oct. 16-22 National Posture Week
Oct. 28 Thirtieth anniversary of passage of Volstead Act

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POETRY'S NEW PRIESTHOOD

(*Continued from page 9*)

the obvious bigotry of the same passage in 1949: "As a result of not fighting for the values of a living tradition, the modern world is now 'owned' and enslaved by the only proliferating element in it, the international money power." Where is Eliot's Jew?

What I have been leading up to in this sketch of the new estheticism is that its sterile pedantry, based on a sense of personal inadequacy, and its failure to command our common English, result in a blurring of judgment both esthetic and moral. I have said that in the Bollingen Award to Pound the clouds of an intellectual neo-Fascism and the new estheticism have perceptibly met and on a horizon too near for comfort. I do not, however, accuse the jury as a whole or any member in particular of totalitarian or anti-democratic convictions. Some of them simply yielded to conformity. One member of the committee expressed regret, in a conversation with me, that another engagement had not provided an excuse for absence from the committee's deliberations, such as they were. Others had not thoroughly read "The Pisan Cantos," and no one could understand them except in spots. One or two probably withdrew into quietism, not aware of the fact that there are times when quietists must be heard loudest of all. Half the committee were disciples of Pound and Eliot and sympathetic to a group which has a genuine power complex. The performance of the Bollingen committee is disagreeably reminiscent of what happens when a dictatorial will moves through a group wherein right and wrong are no longer clearly distinguishable from each other. History shows us that a civilization is always destroyed on the cultural level before the politicians and military take over.

Meanwhile Pound is settled in a comfortable room enjoying the books supplied him by his kind friends. He is quite sane enough to study Chinese. These surroundings, comparable to an expensive room in a private hospital, may with just indignation be contrasted to the crowded wards in which are herded the soldiers who lost their minds defending America, which Pound hated and betrayed.

Nothing can be salvaged from the disgrace of the Bollingen Award of 1949. Nothing can be atoned for. It would be well for the Library of Congress to withdraw the prize, for no decent poet in the country would accept it. The future may profit if the award has rung down the curtain on the inglorious Age of Eliot with all its coteries and pressure groups.

An uncompromising assault on this new estheticism is long overdue. The award to Pound made it inevitable. In a spiritual morass where language, ethics, literature, and personal courage melt into something obscure and formless, a guided impulse has stirred the amorphous haze into something approaching form, something shaped out of stagnant art by groping Fascism. When I began the research for these articles I was quite unaware how deviously the trails would lead me toward one concept: totalitarianism. It is not genteel authoritarianism or the desire for order in a disordered world, as polite critics have called it. It is the mystical and cultural preparation for a new authoritarianism.

Wayward Lady

By Arthur Stringer

SINCE she was sweet and far from wise
Let kindly earth now be her cover,
And soft her slumber where she lies
Beside one last exacting lover.

Those lips, once warm and over-light,
That laughed and gave of love so greatly
Will now know peace and pass the Night
Quite uncompanioned and sedately.

Yet that glad heart that freely gave
And sang and never could be serious
In some way makes less dour the grave
And leaves Death less imperious.

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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING *Recording Technique, Surface*	PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
EXOTICA		
WALTON - SITWELL: FACADE. Edith Sitwell, reader; Chamber Orch., F. Prausnitz. (Museum of Modern Art performance.) Columbia LP: ML 2047 (1 10″) (Also on 78 rpm, MM 829)	A remarkably fine recording. Sitwell's words are wide range but not hissed—maximum clarity under the circumstances. Small orchestra's drums, trumpets, rattles, etc., are sharp, clear. Perfect balance.	I find this a delight—others are bored. Edith, a great personality, sparkles with enjoyment throughout these expertly facile, Stein-like poems—a great bass-contralto voice with balloonsful of air. Music is dry, jazzy, satirically gay, not too dissonant, reeks of the Twenties.
MUSICA SACRA (BYZANTINE CHANT). Schola Melurgica, Abbey of Grottaferrata, Italy, (unaccompanied). Cetra-Soria #12 (5)	Good recording of unaccompanied voices, though sudden peaks not always well controlled. Surfaces not too good.	This chant, brought to Italy by Albanians 1,000 yrs. ago, is claimed more authentic than current Greek Orthodox music, Persian and Turkish influenced. Beautifully, simply sung, but I hear some suspiciously modern chordal "harmonizing" effects.
MUSIC BOX MELODIES. (Barnby: Sweet & Low; Brahms: Cradle Song; Williams: Rockaby Baby, etc.) Swiss Music Box. Bornand S501 (2); 503 (4 10″)	Single records; each piece three times, on a side. Very nice, clear, bell-like recording, good level, low noise. Plastic. (*Bornand Music Box Co., Pelham, N. Y.*)	A cycle completed—the music box, first mechanical reproducer, is reproduced! Some charming counterpoint in these ditties.
STAPLE FARE		
SCHUMANN: MANFRED OVERTURE; BEETHOVEN: CONSECRATION OF THE HOUSE OVERTURE. NBC Symphony, Toscanini. RCA Victor DM, WDM 1287 (3)	Is it plastic *vs.* shellac? Mike placement? Music, conductor's temperament? These two seem very different. The Tchaikovsky seems harsh, dry, strained, narrow in perspective, the Schumann-Beethoven (on shellac) more live, more natural, with better perspective, cleaner highs—altogether a better sound. Illusion?	The Toscanini formula applied to two unusual and one standard work. The two overtures I find one of his best albums: both are bit heavy, benefit from T's mercurial energy. But the "Pathétique" suffers; it is nerve-wrackingly taut and harsh, and cold as a stone. Nor does the recording sound well.
TCHAIKOVSKY: SYMPHONY #6 ("PATHETIQUE"). NBC Symphony, Toscanini. RCA Victor DV7, WDM 1281 (5)		

FACADE

THE extraordinary thing about "Façade" (above) is the Sitwell-Walton technique of combining speech and music, strikingly unlike the taken-for-granted movie-and-radio blending of today, with us a thousand times in everything from soap opera to church service, cowboy classic to screened Shakespeare. "Façade" was pre-radio, pre-talkie, before the ubiquitous fade, the bridge, the background, before the whole vocabulary of smoothly integrated sound we use today was even technically possible—where music, under the watchful engineer's control, moves expertly in and behind and around the spoken word, valet-like, with unctuous attention; where music is scene changer, mood painter, prompter, connective tissue, backdrop, lighting, but never protagonist—never in competition with the voice.

In "Façade," music and words make their points exactly simultaneously and in perfect equality. The battle, half humorous, is rigid and unrelenting; from start to finish neither words nor music give a decibel. Exhausting in the listening, and the intelligibility of both suffers some, but it is a technique that strikes off enormous energy after the spineless sycophantics of too much film and radio.

—EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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the Phoenix Nest

TO ANDREW MARVELL FROM HIS COY MISTRESS

(Hypothetical Reply)

THIS coyness, love, is but a shield,
A last defense before I yield.
I, too, hear the relentless beat
Of the Pursuer's sandaled feet;
Have sensed the certain brevity
Of love's dear opportunity,
Despite intent to disavow
Restrictions of the here and now.
Accept these words, withheld before,
From one deemed coy, now coy no more:

To gather rubies by the shore
Remote from thee would be a bore;
But shells and pebbles by the Humber
With thee, were jewels without number.
My love for thee was in the spark
Of first light when the world was dark;
When time and space moved with the slow
First rhythm of life's dawning glow.
It grew to vast immensities
Circling the clustered Pleiades,
Then found the star flame in thy heart
Was but its radiant counterpart.

Yet, Andrew, as we make decision
Reflect: what of thine own profession:
Can'st love me and constituents too
Today when men of state are few?
What of Lord Carlisle's trips to Russia,
Or Sweden, Italy, Denmark, Prussia?
What of Milton, thy heart's blind brother,
Think, could he share thee with another?
With virtue, honor thou art endowed,
Yet walkest humbly with the crowd—
A British Aristides grown
Andrew the Just, of dear renown.

Ah, Andrew, with prophetic gaze
I search the future's baffling maze:
Here in my marble vault I lie
Wrapped in my chill virginity;
Whilst thou, that death at last mad'st yield,
Long liest in St. Giles his Field . . .
Yet still the sun wheels down his way,
Still other lovers have their day.
O chose we well or ill, my love?—
Who then shall say? Who now may prove?

—ETHEL LAMPREY JORDAN.

* * *

From away back in February I now belatedly print the following from Laurence P. Dodge, of Newburyport, Mass.:

> I was surprised to read in THE PHOENIX NEST a few weeks ago a reference to Gilbert Gaul, the artist, which led me to realize that you didn't know who he was. I spoke of this to Earle Walbridge, whom I met at the annual dinner of the Baker Street Irregulars early last month, and he promised to speak to you about him. Lest he has forgotten to do so, I want to give you the following information.
>
> William Gilbert Gaul, 1855-1919, was a famous military artist; in fact, in the words of the Dictionary of American Biography, our most capable one. Many of his best drawings appeared in "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War" published, as a matter of fact, by the Century Company. This four-volume work was in my father's library and I well remember from my boyhood Gaul's splendid work.

* * *

TYGER WRITES ONE TOO

EPITAPH FOR AN EXPLORER

Tiger! Tiger! my mistake;
I thought that you were William Blake.
—OGDEN NASH,
The New Yorker.

William Blake? Don't be so rash;
I knew that you were Ogden Nash.

—I. L. SALOMON.

* * *

I was a pretty small individual when once, in Washington, D. C., my much admired grandfather, who was a general and had a beautiful white beard, took me into a book store. He took my sister too. I don't remember what my sister liked in that store but my gaze became riveted upon a book which was entitled "The Bunny Book," or something of that kind. I must plead my extreme youth when I acknowledge that I liked that book because the people in it were built just like ordinary boys and girls and grownups, except that they had on rabbit heads, and that some of their names were Deacon Bunny, Cousin Jack, Gaffer, and even Bunnyboy and Cuddledown. The cover of the book was blue, I think, with red lettering, and when my grandfather stooped and asked me if there was anything I liked, I hardly dared breathe that I was looking upon the most wonderful book in the world. For the bunnies in it also had a baseball team, and Deacon Bunny in it had bought a most attractive looking little donkey! "You want that?" said my grandfather, with unbelievable briskness, and he bought it, just like that, and handed it to me. I don't suppose he thought it was an even passable book, but he had brought us into the book store to buy us what we wanted. I gulped, but I hope I stammered out somewhat appropriate thanks.

I have been hunting for that book in my mind for many years, because it has irked me again and again that I could not remember the person who wrote it, the publisher, or the illustrator. Then, just the other day, in my second-hand researches, I chanced upon a bound volume of *St. Nicholas* for 1889 (Part Two), the real, old, red and gold McCoy. And there—my heart gave a great leap—were certain of "The Bunny Stories" and the author was John H. Jewett (any relation to Sarah Orne?) and the illustrator was Culmer Barnes. The names mean nothing now to me. But the stories begin, as I think the book did, with The Bunnies' Picnic, and Runwild Terrace and Bunnyboy and Cousin Jack and the Deacon, and how Miss Fox, the matron for the picknicking home of little orphan Bears, Coons, Woodchucks, 'Possums, Squirrels, and Rabbits, gets caught in the quagmire, and how crippled and becrutched Cousin Jack effects her rescue. And later installments describe the Bunnies' garden and Gaffer's watch-dog toads, and the goats; and later still comes "Deacon Bunny Buys a Mule," and finally, best of all, Cousin Jack's own story and the part about poor Rab stealing the egg, and the beautiful Hazel Fawn finding him crying. Mightily infantile all of this, I dare say,—and the baseball and other things are not there—but at least I have located the original serial printing of a book that was for some queer reason a particular treasure to a very small boy! So, in so far as I can, I wish to immortalize the author and illustrator in print. Mary Mapes Dodge, editor of *St. Nicholas*, knew her young people. I was three when the stories were appearing serially. I was probably about five when the book was published. I had to have the book read to me, I guess; but I could understand a lot from the pictures!

—WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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BOOKS

"WERE THE FOSSILS CONTEMPORARY?" 25¢. Anderson, Box 277-R, Malverne, N. Y.

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FIRST EDITIONS SACRIFICED: Huxley, Hemingway, Galsworthy, Conrad, Cabell, Moore, other moderns. Box 748-H.

KLAUS MANN "Flucht in den Norden," novel. 319 pages. Cloth, $2.25. MARY S. ROSENBERG, Publisher, Bookseller and Importer. 100 West 72 St., N.Y.C. 23. Dept. 22.

BOOKS ON THE EAST: China, Japan, Siam, Burma, Malaya, India, Central Asia, Persia, Arabia, Egypt, the South Seas. We are now working on Catalogue 133—all Asia. Established 1920. ORIENTALIA, Inc., 11 East 12 St., N.Y.C. 3.

ATHEIST BOOKS. 32-page catalogue free. TRUTH SEEKER CO., 38 Park Row, N.Y.C. 8.

PYETELL'S BOOK SHOP—Mt. Vernon, N.Y. Books for sale—Catalogue available. 1. Americana (488 titles). 2. Fiction (1,600 titles). 3 Medicine—Aviation—Music, etc. 4. Sociology & History. 5. Literature (538 titles). Art (Fine & Applied).

DAUBER & PINE BOOKSHOPS, Fifth Ave., near 12 St. Visit our going, going, gone department. Book bargains galore at $1.47; 98¢; 68¢; 49¢; 24¢.

900 OLD BOOKS on America, catalogue sent free. All subjects. Also any book obtained, lists on all subjects sent free. Apply: PETER EATON, 204 Church St., Kensington W. 8, Eng.

WRITERS' CONFERENCES

CHAUTAUQUA WRITERS' WORKSHOP. Third season, July 5–22. Director, John Holmes, poet; with Margaret Widdemer, novelist; S. Stephenson Smith, editor, and others. Daily round tables, lectures, manuscript conferences. Also theatre, opera, symphony, famous lecturers, and beautiful Lake Chautauqua, western New York country. Inquire Mrs. Elsie Hartzell, Secretary, Chautauqua Summer Schools, Chautauqua, N.Y., for rates.

WRITERS' CONFERENCE. University of Colorado, Boulder, Colo. July 25—Aug. 12, 1949. Write for information.

PERSONALS

MATURE GENTLEMAN with highly respectful attitude toward the feminine sex, would appreciate correspondence from females who understand and demand such behavior. Box 465-H.

MODERN TYPE CHRISTMAS CARD LINE needs live-wire retail sales representatives. Box 441-H.

"TIMES OF INDIA ANNUAL 1949" JUST ARRIVED! Full-color plates, some mounted, suitable for framing, plus 98 pages of stories, articles and photographs of modern India (in English). $1 postpaid. TIMES OF INDIA, 8106 Empire State Bldg., N.Y.C. 1.

"HOW CAN I FIND OUT?" You can! Information discreetly developed. Any matter, person, problem anywhere. Worldwide. Officially licensed, bonded service. Established 1922. Reasonable. Confidential. WILLIAM HERMAN, 170 Broadway, N.Y.C.

COOK IN EVERY CLIMATE AND COUNTRY and in any period 1600-1948. Discover unexplored culinary delights in our global cuisine of 500 cookbooks. Send for free list or remit $3.75 for a sample volume. Box 120-D.

INTERNATIONAL VALLEY WRITER'S CENTER, second season. Unique working-living quarters in beautiful 7000-acre Catskill estate; individual coaching and directional work if desired; week-end talks by name writers; bi-weekly round-table discussions; hiking, fishing, saddle horses, concerts, art, and antique exhibits, reasonable rates. Write: I. V. W. C., South Kortright, Delaware Co., N. Y.

MILLINERY — Your pet hat — Reblocked — Remodeled. Miss Ruth, 66 Fifth Ave. ORegon 5-2598.

THE AMERICAN ANTIQUARIAN BOOKSELLERS (over 100 dealers in 27 cities throughout the world) invites your inquiries. Send lists, or mention interests. TAAB, 529 S. Melville St., Philadelphia, Pa.

DR. KILTON STEWART lectures on various phases of magico-religious ceremonies in primitive societies. Wednesdays, 8:30, Sundays, 4:00. 31 Park Ave. N.Y.C. LExington 2-8042.

COMPLETE SET Life magazine, 1936-1948, unbound, $98.50. (Odd and special numbers supplied.) Box 656-H.

THERE MAY BE VALUABLE BOOKS, documents, prints, manuscripts in your attic. Go on a rummage and send us a list of your discoveries for our appraisal, and possible purchase. Box 130-D.

OUR FREE CATALOGUES offer old, rare, valuable, unusual, curious, philosophical, literary, historical, libertine, religious, decorative, useful, English language and foreign books. H. H. Evans, 1157 Sutter St., San Francisco 9, Calif.

CIGARETTES—Popular brands $1.51 per carton postpaid. West of Mississippi add 7¢ per carton. Minimum order 3 cartons. Send check or money order. KING COMPANY, Box 569-C, Dover, Del.

(Continued on page 42)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 41)

FOREIGN STUDENT desires tutoring position. French, German, children, adults, during summer. Box 703-H.

MALE—available Aug. 20 to Sept. 5 as secretary, companion. Box 704-H.

LAW STUDENT, 24, desires summer position. Experienced, tutoring, small, large sailboats, commercial air pilot's license, riding. Traveled Europe. Go anywhere. References. Box 705-H.

PHONOGRAPH RECORD SALESMAN; stimulating classical long-play and good children's records. Commission only. Write: Alvox Distributors, 5 Columbus Circle, N.Y.C. 19.

GIRL wants copy of the novel "Invitation to the Dance." Box 709-H.

WILL MATURE MALE, speaking language of average cultured person, write female, varied interests, serious and frivolous. Box 710-H.

FEMALE AMPUTEES' correspondence invited by ex-United States Army major. Box 711-H.

CALLING WRITERS, ARTISTS, etc.—Intelligent, progressive gal, interested assisting on summer project, secretarial ability. Will exchange part-time services for summer vacation. N.Y.C. SPring 7-6867, Box 712-H.

LIBRARIAN, B.S.L.S., A.B., young man, versatile, capable, experienced, desires position small college, school, public special library in/near N.Y.C. Box 713-H.

OVER 125 SUBSCRIPTIONS to recent Neurotica ad in this column. Why? Is it because it is the only magazine that discusses frankly subjects everybody is interested in? Send $2 for year's subscription. NEUROTICA, 4438½ Olive, St. Louis, Mo.

COOPERATIVE COMPANIONS wanted to share with college woman and college girl country house, lower Vermont, river swimming, good food, Europeans welcomed, writers, others. Box 714-H.

REASONABLE YOUNG MAN with anxiety complex, seeks female correspondents with complementary (not competitive) complex or complexes. Box 715-H.

"THE REAL RUSSIAN CHALLENGE" by foremost authority; penetrating, revealing, must reading. Copy 25¢. Institute of Foreign Trade, 535 Fifth Ave., Suite 3104, N.Y.C.

REASONABLY NORMAL MALE, mature, will exchange notes with female possessing pen and sense of humor. Box 716-H.

NO GLAMOUR GAL, but friendly, feminine damsel with sense of humor seeks comfortable masculine correspondent who likes people, music, and the theatre. Box 717-H.

WOULD SPIRITUAL DAMSEL write cultured, young man, sensitive, lonely naturophile? Box 718-H.

BEAUTIFUL HOUSE FOR RENT, weekly, monthly or season. 4 bedrooms, 3 baths, dining-room, kitchen, living-room, library, terrace, fireplace. 5 minutes from ocean or harbor. Beautiful country. D. Heist, Wellfleet, Mass. Telephone: 193 ring 2.

ARMY COLONEL'S WIDOW, in 50's, wants position as secretary to busy lady. Cheerful, capable, unencumbered. Mrs. B. Griffith, 1006 Reservoir Ave. Cranston 10, R. I.

YOUNG MAN, veteran, college graduate, European education, interested in literature, music, and athletics, desires congenial correspondence. Box 719-H.

EX-ARMY OFFICER, interested in art and the strenuous life, invites correspondence. Box 720-H.

JOB WANTED: WRITER, experienced handling difficult technical subjects, part-time writing and/or editing, trade magazine, house organ, reports, brochures, etc. Box 721-H.

COUNTRY, near water, first floor old home, 4 rooms, gas, electricity, plumbing, 2 fireplaces. 65 miles N.Y.C. Rent July and August $450, or 2 weeks for $125. Send references. Box 722-H.

GENTLEMAN, architect, veteran, wishes correspondence with cultured woman, interested in classical music. Box 723-H.

"MIRACLES OF MENTAL ACTION." Highly useful information of tremendous personal value. Price $1. Satisfaction guaranteed. Scientific Information Service, 2259 Houghton Ave., N.Y.C. 61.

SECLUDED COTTAGE. Modern 4 rooms, Southern Vermont. Hank Mayer, Shavertown, N.Y.

WRITER-EDITOR, now employed, offers imagination, humor, accuracy. Some fields: Religion, railroads, agriculture, government, business. Box 724-H.

"YOUNGERLY WIDOW," many interests, travel, music, theatre, desires correspondence with interesting personable gentlemen. An excellent secretary seeking position. Box 725-H.

FRENCH YOUNG LADY, teaching in college, seeks a position with a family for the summer. Box 726-H.

PERSONALS

LAW STUDENT AND WIFE desire summer positions. Young, athletic, personable. Like travel, children, sports, reading. Box 1743, University, Ala.

FOR RENT: Tombstone, Arizona, new, furnished apartments. Beautiful view. Fine yearly climate for arthritis, asthma, sinus. Summer rates $50 single, $65 double monthly. Major Ralph de Rose.

NEED MONEY? Get this new book "100 Ways to Make $100." Send $1. Dept. SRL-1, TYCO PUBLICATIONS, La Jolla, Calif.

WRITER seeks free lance assignments, ghosting collaborations. Please be specific. Box 692-H.

PHOTOGRAPHIC BOOKPLATES made to your specifications. 100-$25., 200--$35. Mail negative, wording, rough sketch. Proof furnished, satisfaction guaranteed. R. Smith, 125 W 56, N.Y.C. 19.

GALS interested photography, modeling, sightseeing, new friends, correspond with touring fellow. Box 727-H.

CHICAGO NURSE-SECRETARY seeks position as companion or in small school, anywhere, moderate salary, pleasant environment. Box 739-H.

WILL TAKE 2 paying guests weekly or week-ends 2 hours from N.Y.C., Connecticut countryside, private house. References, exceptional surroundings. Box 740-H.

RESEARCH ASSISTANT with M.A. degree in history, desires position either temporary or permanent. Interested in travel. Will be available after June 1. Box 755-H.

MALE, 31, desires position. Companion or secretary. N.Y.C. area. Box 741-H.

FARM COTTAGE, fireplaces, all conveniences. Secluded. Private swimming pond. On unusual 200-acre mountain farm, 4 hours, Grand Central. Car not essential. Also complete private large wing in main farmhouse. $500 season each, including gas and electricity. Morning Star Farm, Haydenville, R.F.D., Mass. Phone: South Deerfield 109-12.

COUNTRY APARTMENT in beautiful home, Westport, Conn. Gardens, swimming, fishing. One person. Box 742-H.

DEPENDABLE, KINDLY, cheerful companionship given woman, child by mature Columbia staff employee, summer months. Box 743-H.

CELLIST-PAINTER—Business man will share sky-high, charming, river-view apartment with chamber music-loving individual. Cheap. DeMiranda, N.Y.C. UNiversity 4-1700.

FOR RENT: Kittery Point, Maine, $1000 studio cottage, 3 bedrooms, waterfront, experienced couple for service. Cottage, South China, Maine, 5 rooms, fireplace, beach, $125 monthly, 3 farms for sale. Thaxter Realtor, Kittery Point, Me.

PLAYWRIGHT WANTED for wanted play. Call between 12:00-3:00 P.M. N.Y.C. JErome 7-2600.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN wishes position as social secretary and/or companion. Box 744-H.

SURE I'LL MEET YOU there if we can get in. Maybe they've had a cancellation. Let's call Western View Farm at New Milford, Conn., 440 and try.

COMPLETE YOUR SET of National Geographics. We supply odd numbers, volumes, 1888-1949. (We buy issues prior to 1906.) Box 120-D.

SINGLE SECRETARY, age 35, is trying to find "Girl Friday" job. Can do anything which comes under category of secretarial duties. Dependable, adaptable, personable, very willing to accommodate, always anxious to please. Nothing too small or beneath her when it comes to work. Will assist but does not wish total responsibility of preparing financial statements, etc. After 9 years with reputable concern, for personal and confidential reasons it has become necessary to seek another position. Won't somebody please help? Box 745-H.

PENOBSCOT BAY, MAINE. Lovely waterfront home. Hospitality, food, appointments, and view unsurpassed. $40 weekly, circulars. Billbank, Belfast, Maine.

NAME and/or ADDRESS printed on separate gummed labels. Colored borders. 500 for $1. Box 749-H.

JOB FLOUNDERING? Consult Helen Trimpe, Counselor, 342 Madison Ave., (44 St.) N.Y.C. MUrray Hill 2-5330.

FRANKLY A LITTLE MAD, young man would swap brainstorms with music-loving, broadminded woman. Box 752-H.

LOOKING FOR UNIQUE BIRTHDAY GIFT? Impressive, individual Scroll highlights dozen dramatic national and world events of any birthday (day-month-year.) Only $2. Not astrology—just fascinating facts! Your own birthday scroll, $1.50 additional. Birthday Research, Box 249-S, Wall St. Station, N.Y.C.

MARRIED VET, recent master's degree, needs any job in N.Y.C. until permanent position begins next fall. Box 753-H.

PERSONALS

WOMAN, 40, educated and traveled, business and social references, experienced merchandiser, typist, driver, wants absorbing, challenging occupation. Box 729-H.

VERSATILE YOUNG MAN seeks position with gentleman as factotum—companion. Travel anywhere. Box 730-H.

FORMER ENGLISH TEACHER, writer with a few sales, will teach embryo-writer-typist under 35 what little he knows in exchange for typing evenings and week ends and elementary editing of rough copy. Only persons living in N.Y.C. reply. Box 731-H.

PERSONABLE, GIFTED, versatile-minded, successful business gentleman, discriminating taste, imaginative, enthusiastic, adventuresome nature, literary flare, invites correspondence from intellectual lady. Box 732-H.

COLLEGE TEACHER, male, liberal, valuing sensitive perception and articulate communication, invites feminine correspondence. Box 733-H.

GIRL, mature, young viewpoint, seeks intellectual companionship (correspondence) male, female. Box 734-H.

MAINE COAST VILLAGE: Apartment newly decorated; 5 rooms, electricity, running water, flush toilet. Rent unfurnished by season or year. $300. References exchanged. Box 735-H.

PUBLISHED AUTHOR, 26, Story, Esquire, Atlantic Monthly, Phi Beta Kappa, seeks position. Box 736-H.

FOR SALE: 8-piece bedroom set. Genuine, handmade, Jamaica B. W. I. mahogany furniture, something different. Phillips, N.Y.C. JUdson 2-0615.

ONE OF AMERICA'S largest swappers offers hooked rugs, books, music, fancy work, cosmetics, perfumes, hosiery, and large list. What have you? The National Exchange, 130 West 66 St., N.Y.C. 23.

CHARMING OLD CAPE COD HOME in Killingworth near shoreline Madison within 3 hours of N.Y.C. 15 picturesque acres bordering large pond. Sound condition worthy of modernization, $10,000. Request complete description and photo. SR6, Wm. S. Hull, Realtor, Madison, Conn.

EXPLORE EXOTIC TEA FLAVORS in the special Caravel "Taste Test" Assortment. 16 choice varieties—Blacks, Greens, Oolongs; from India, Ceylon, China, Japan. Attractive package with unique gift appeal. $2.50, postpaid. Caravel, 126 Maiden Lane, N.Y.C.

VACATIONS

TREAT YOURSELF to July 4 week-end at HIGH POINT, New Marlboro, Mass.

FOR NATURE LOVERS ONLY! Rent amidst towering pines and unbelievable scenery 1,700 feet up in mountains, a romantic, cedar-paneled cottage, fireplace, ultra-modern furniture, new conveniences, $500 long season or $35 a week. Others, $250. Brook swimming. Lake nearby. Food delivered. 80 miles N.Y.C. Write for directions, etc. Box 746-H.

DELIGHTFUL SUMMER HOME, near Lake Sunapee, N.H. 5 bedrooms, all conveniences, boathouse. Reasonable. Box 728-H.

BAY COTTAGE—in Virginia's Tidewater. Swimming and fishing. Quiet and remote. Near Williamsburg. Moderate rates. Naxera, Va. Box 750-H.

ACCOMMODATIONS in old seafaring town. Ideal for creative work. Good New England cooking, Newburyport, Mass. Box 751-H.

SHADYNOOK, retreat at the world's end. Unlimited riding. 2,000 altitude. Miles private trails, fields, forest, streams. Lake, fishing, boating, etc. Fine country food. Beautyrest beds. Informal holidays, thrifty rates. Folder. N.Y.C. Telephone: SEdgewick 3-5524. Shadynook, Lopex, Pa.

SUN VALLEY RANCH, Tabernash, Colorado—high in Rockies; small, informal, secluded, riding, fishing.

MERRIEBROOK, Poughquag, New York. Delightful peaceful homestead. Adults only. Tempting meals. Inexpensive. North Clove 2421.

GREEN SHADOWS, Lyme, Conn., quiet, informal country life; good food, comfortable beds.

COUNTRY VACATION! SUDBURY INN on Lake Hortania, Sudbury, Vt. Superlative food, Crow-bar.

WEED FARM, EAST MONTPELIER, Vermont. Comfort, delicious food, swimming, beautiful landscape.

LIKE THE COUNTRY? Come to Graymont, a Colonial farmhouse. Good food. R. D. 2, Middlebury, Vt.

SMOKESHIRE WAY: High in Vermont's Green Mountains. Inspiring to poets, painters, lovers of beautiful country. Swimming, folk dancing, records, library; our own vegetables. Reasonable. Folder. R.F.D. 1, Chester Depot, Vt.

DIFFERENT FROM THE REST, come see for yourself. Accommodates 55. 30th season. Rates $12 a day, $70 a week. TED OHMER'S WESTERN VIEW FARM, New Milford, Conn. Tel.: New Milford 440.

ADULT RESORT in scenic Berkshires. Swimming, tennis, music, dancing, superlative food and accommodations. PINECREST, West Cornwall, Conn.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC No. 795

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

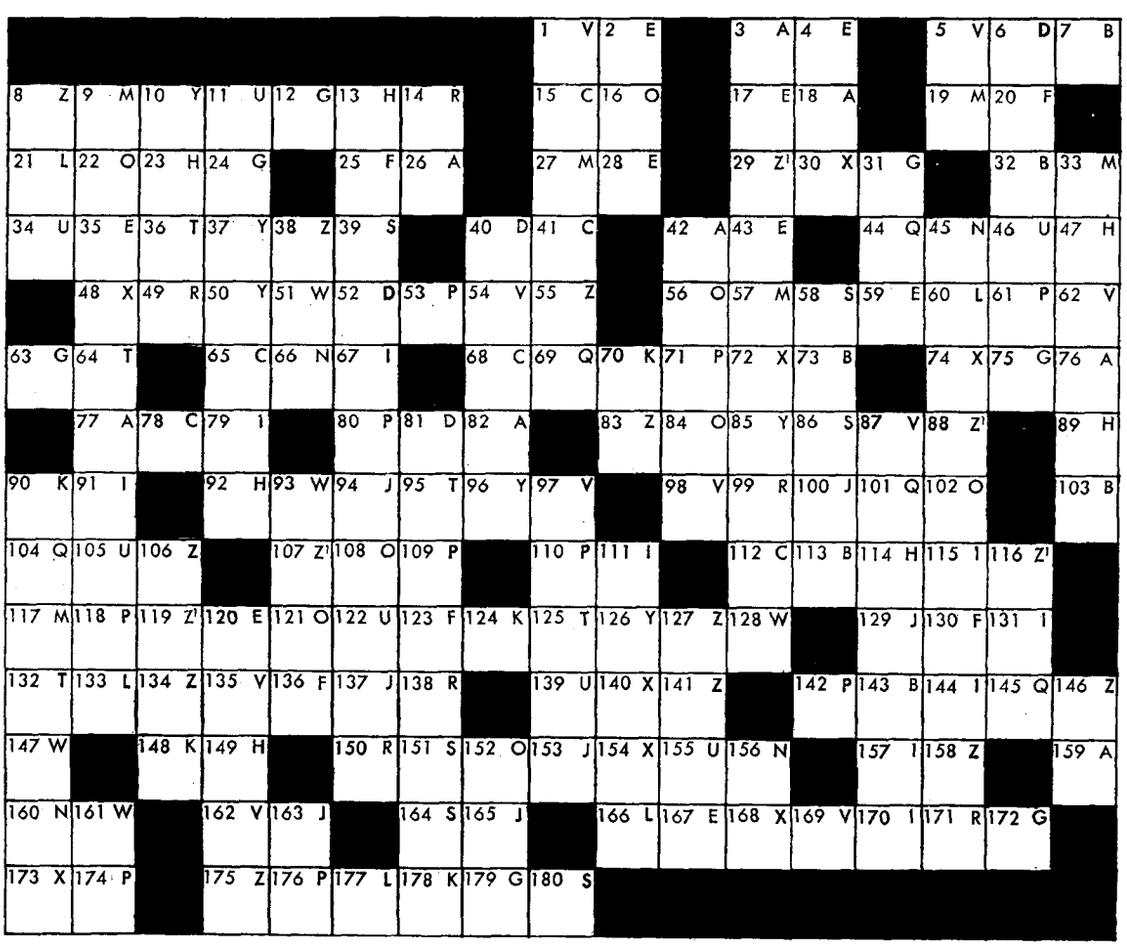
By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Strengthening; a tonic.	76 18 3 26 82 77 159 42
B. Maintenance; repair.	113 7 103 143 73 32
C. The Persian national assembly.	68 65 112 78 15 41
D. A race of giants, original inhabitants of Moab (Bib.).	81 52 40 6
E. Ridgepoles.	167 2 43 59 17 120 4 28 35
F. Commercial and manufacturing city of Belgium.	123 130 20 136 25
G. Cavaliers' nickname for Oliver Cromwell.	75 24 172 12 31 63 179
H. Spanish composer of opera "La Vida Breve," etc. (1876–).	114 47 149 89 92 23 13
I. Germans' name for U. S. Marines (World War I; 2 wds.).	67 131 170 157 79 91 111 115 144
J. Marked by a morbid displacement of parts, congenital or due to injury (med.).	165 153 129 163 94 100 137
K. Scent or savor, esp. of cooking.	90 178 70 148 124
L. A class of substances that redden litmus paper.	166 133 60 21 177
M. English actor and dramatist of many plays, poet laureate, 1730.	117 57 19 27 33 9
N. The argument introducing a Greek play (rhet.).	45 156 160 66
O. Having small knots or knobs.	152 108 56 22 102 84 16 121
P. The guard set over a criminal before his execution.	142 53 176 174 80 109 71 110 61 118
Q. A marsh or marshy lake at the mouth of a river (Russ.).	101 145 44 69 104
R. Washed out.	138 14 49 99 171 150
S. Wanting firmness; easily yielding to the touch.	58 39 151 86 164 180
T. Kilns to dry malt, hops, or tobacco.	36 125 132 64 95
U. River in Virginia and North Carolina, to Albemarle Sound.	34 11 139 155 122 46 105
V. U. S. Secretary of State, successor to Cordell Hull.	97 87 135 1 162 5 54 169 62 98
W. Suggesting a strong, lingering taste.	161 93 147 51 128
X. Pertaining to an ancient Roman deity of gates and doors; two-faced.	48 173 140 154 74 30 168 72
Y. Sets or stands upright.	85 126 96 37 50 10
Z. Heavy or oppressive burdens (2 wds.).	83 175 38 141 106 8 134 146 127 55 158
Z.[1] That element in character which determines what a man does.	116 29 107 119 88

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



JUNE 18, 1949

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 40 of this issue.

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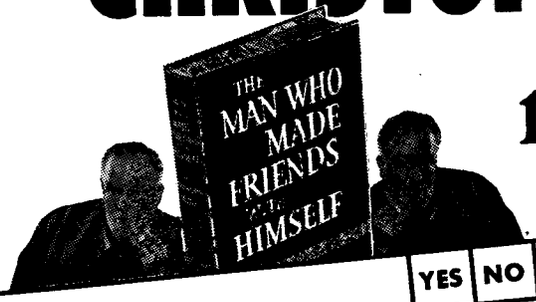
What is CHRISTOPHER MORLEY's new novel like?



	YES	NO	YES & NO	BECAUSE
Is it like **KITTY FOYLE?**		✓		Would Kitty have kept a dictionary under her bed, even with Zoe's reasons?
Is it like **JOHN MISTLETOE?**			✓	J. M. may have been in love with life and literature, but he never loved a lady psychiatrist.
Is it like **HUMAN BEING?**		✓		***But close!*** Richard Roe would have understood Richard Tolman at least a little . . .
Is it like **PARNASSUS ON WHEELS?**		✓		This one has more to do with the pitching end of the literary business
Is it like **THUNDER ON THE LEFT?**	✓			But THE MAN WHO MADE FRIENDS WITH HIMSELF has a more subtle answer to the question: are grown-ups really happy?
Is it like **THE OLD MANDARIN?**		✓		"THE MAN is the flowering of the genius bedded out in THUNDER ON THE LEFT and the flower is Morley's own unique creation...It enters into the secret places of the heart."—*M. K., Faber & Faber.*

You'll like it because **it's a delightful, discursive, wonderful Morley story in the one-and-only Morley manner—about a man in love with life, literature and a lady psychiatrist!**

THE MAN WHO MADE FRIENDS WITH HIMSELF

by Christopher Morley

2nd printing before publication • *At all booksellers, $3* • **DOUBLEDAY**

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